The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1922 No. 2953

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36 Temple, Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

NEARLY 2,500 poems by nearly 1,000 poets were submitted for *The Nation's* Poetry Prize, the winners of which are announced in the present issue. The judges have found in this body of verse what seems to them a considerable advance over the poems submitted last year in respect to form and workmanship. They have noted too a decidedly larger proportion of rhymed verse than appeared in the contest of 1920. Pure lyrics in 1921 were not numerous, the tendency of the briefer pieces being toward satire or miniature drama. A conspicuous element was the work of several young women who, while for the most part confining themselves to slight themes, rarely missed vividness, point, intensity. The poems selected for the prize happen to represent the two principal divisions into which the great majority fell: compact studies of mental states and more extended, realistic commentaries upon current affairs. The division of the award is partly due to the great difficulty of deciding between types so different.

THE passage of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill in the House of Representatives by the large majority of 230 to 119 is an achievement. Every American should derive distinct satisfaction from this, the most important legal step ever taken toward ending our peculiarly national disgrace. For this accomplishment the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which for years has labored to arouse the American conscience about lynchings and to crystallize public sentiment into effective legislation, deserves full credit. But the fight is not yet won; the bill still has to pass the Senate. Those who feel the sting when Europeans ask *Do you really mean that crowds gather to see men burned alive in America?* should give the National Association unstinted support until the bill not only passes the Senate and becomes law, but is enforced.

PRESIDENT HARDING does well to delay his decision about American participation in the Genoa Conference, for it is not yet clear what this Genoa Conference will be. Many conferences are announced as new departures in diplomacy; few live up to the shouting of their barkers. We rejoice, of course, at the signs of increased interest in the rehabilitation of Europe illustrated by the newspaper polling of prominent citizens as to whether the United States should or should not go to Genoa. But a half-hearted economic conference would do infinite harm by discouraging plans for a real conference, free to discuss any problem of European reconstruction, not hamstrung in advance by French conditions. The essential immediate things are to revise the Treaty of Versailles and the German indemnities and to treat Russia justly. If Genoa, under French influence, fails to deal with these boldly it is condemned to futility in advance. This is made even more evident by the latest statement of the German Government in regard to reparation payments. Germany asks to be relieved of such payments in 1922. She urges the Allies to take measures to restore German credit both internal and external and thus to facilitate the floating of a large voluntary domestic loan as well as the proposed forced loan. As evidence of good faith she reports that railroad rates have been increased thirty-two times for freight and nineteen times for passengers, and telephone and postal rates twenty-one-fold, while the coal tax has been increased from 20 to 40 per cent and the turnover tax from 1½ to 2 per cent. Surely Germany is entitled to plead these things openly in a court of nations. If she cannot discuss matters of life and death there is no use in the nations going to Genoa, and Senator Borah and others will be more than ever justified in saying, as the Senator did on January 26, that what certain nations are after is not the disarmament of Germany but her economic ruin and that this means that "they are destroying the entire Continent of Europe."

THE Egyptian Nationalist Party has issued a manifesto calling for a boycott of English men, English government officials, English banks and insurance companies, English ships, English merchants, and English goods. Whether such a project will succeed or not depends upon the capacity of the Egyptian to submit himself to the discipline of passive resistance and to forswear the livelier charms of active rebellion. But the matter is at least of enough moment to

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have caused the arrest, on the order of Lord Allenby, of the eight signers of the manifesto and the suspension of the four newspapers which published it. The new British offer, which is in substance a reiteration of the offer rejected by Adly Pasha before his resignation, would restore Egypt's freedom on the basis of certain "guaranties": the protection of the imperial lines of communication, the protection of the rights of foreigners, and the protection of Egypt herself against aggression. And these guaranties may mean anything from a garrison in the canal zone (which Egypt would unquestionably agree to) to the permanent military occupation of the country. Egypt has a right to know what it does mean—to the last British soldier and the last gun.

The whole idea in bringing the Prince to India was to obtain a declaration or at least a show of loyalty to the British Empire from the people of India. It was in fact a challenge to the disloyal party. That challenge has been taken up, and I am bound to say the disloyal party has won all along the line.

WHEN the London *Morning Post* prints letters like the above from Englishmen of "very responsible" position in India, no one need be surprised at Lord Northcliffe's grave views of the situation. On his present visit to India he has declared himself to be "shocked" at the change of demeanor toward whites on the part of both Hindus and Mohammedans. He talked with more than a hundred Mohammedans of all classes and sects and found them unanimously hostile. He put forward, not as his own solution of the problem but as the suggestion of responsible moderate Moslems, a scheme for restoring to the Sultan his recognition as head of Islam and to Turkey many of her former possessions, among them Adrianople and Asia Minor, including Smyrna. We do not believe that this would do more than touch the problem; Indian Moslems want something more than the glorification of Islam. They are Indians first, and in common with the Hindus have an honest desire for independence that cannot be assuaged by gifts to the Sultan. But Lord Northcliffe at least recognized the situation though he failed to visualize the way out.

NOTHING illustrates more clearly the folly and injustice of high protectionism in these days than the Washington effort to make permanent the recent temporary increase in the tariff on Cuban sugar. Here is a case everybody ought to be able to understand. Increasing the tariff from $1.00 to $1.60 a hundred pounds means imposing a burden of *$162,000,000 annually* upon those Americans who use sugar, which means everybody. Is this huge impost asked for revenue merely? Not at all. That is the least consideration. The real purpose is to subsidize the American beet sugar industry and to favor Porto Rican, Hawaiian, and Philippine producers. But, as the United States Tariff Commission has pointed out, only about 20 per cent of that industry is in any way dependent upon the tariff. This beet industry is to be subsidized therefore for the sake of one-fifth of it and the American people are to pay more than 100 per cent duty on their absolutely necessary sugar. Santo Domingo sugar can be brought into New York harbor for $1.60, where it today pays a duty of 125 per cent. Of course, the evil effects of this legalized robbery of the people do not stop there. It strikes indirectly at the wide market in Cuba for the products of American industry. Thus our government, in partnership with the privileged beet sugar interests, mulcts all the people for the benefit of a few, helps to keep up the high cost of living, and puts another barrier in the way of the economic restoration of the world.

MR. HOOVER voices general opinion in predicting a coal strike April 1. The danger of a railroad strike was by no means removed by the recent truce. But despite these alarming portents public opinion, as exemplified by talk among the farmers at Washington and by their formal demand that both capital and labor contribute to the reduction of railroad rates, still believes that only lower wages can make possible a business revival. Lower wages have done nothing of the sort in the steel industry, and they will have no effect upon the shocking waste that Mr. Warne and other competent statisticians charge against railroad management. Now the Anthracite Tri-District Executive Board of the mine workers comes forward with a conservative statement as to minimum changes in the coal industry which ought to be made before wages are reduced:

If there is any liquidation to be done in connection with the anthracite industry, we would suggest that the land owners, many of whom have never seen an anthracite mine, should have their royalties substantially reduced; freight rates could also stand a substantial reduction in the transporting of coal, sales companies could be eliminated entirely or their profits materially reduced, and the combined liquidation of the profits of these three non-producing factors plus the repeal of unwarranted coal tax laws which hit the consumer and not the operator would result in a very substantial decrease in the price of coal, and would permit of a substantial increase in the wages of the anthracite mine workers, and also permit a more than fair margin to the operators.

CONGRESS, having previously refused to vote a bonus to soldiers on the ground that the country could not afford to do it, now proposes to grant the subsidy on the ground that the Republican Party cannot afford not to do it. After discussion in caucus, the Republicans decide upon bonus legislation because they think it will help them at the elections next autumn. *The Nation* has already pointed out the weakness of the arguments in favor of a bonus, and Secretary Mellon's figures show that the country is as little as ever in a position to shoulder the scheme financially. He estimates the total cost at about $3,330,000,000, of which at least $850,000,000 would fall in the first two years—that in the face of a probable deficit of $300,000,000 in 1922-1923. Secretary Mellon is right too in reminding us that by no kind of financial jugglery can the bonus be paid except out of the pockets of taxpayers. After all there is something to be said in behalf of Senator Newberry. He spent thousands to obtain his election, but the money was his own. Our Republican Congressmen propose to spend billions to obtain their election, but the money will be from the pockets of those who are guileless enough to vote for them.

IF Eugene Debs should ever be mobbed by any group of "patriots," the first man to be arrested for the crime should be Governor Warren T. McCray of Indiana. In a letter to Mr. Debs, that official admits that he told a post of the American Legion: "I am extremely sorry that the one arch-traitor of our country should live in the State of Indiana. I believe that he will be taught a lesson by the American Legion." In his letter he adds: "As my authority for the statement I refer to the fact that you were tried and convicted in the Federal Court and served three years of the sentence imposed." That, in view of the known

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record of the American Legion, is direct incitement to violence. It is also a deliberate or exceedingly stupid misstatement of fact. Even believers in the espionage law and its enforcement know that violation of it was not treason. To denounce war is not to betray one's country. Debs can stand being called an arch-traitor by the Governor of his State, but can the people of Indiana stand a Governor who cannot distinguish between Benedict Arnold and Eugene Debs?

DISARMAMENT is usually made to appear a drab thing—wise and prudent but not spectacular. It would not be so if Mr. Herbert Myrick, editor of *Farm and Home,* could have his way. He suggested to the Agricultural Convention that the United States should offer to take over the navies of the Allies at full cost "as payment toward the billions they owe the United States," accept on account the Allies' other war equipment at "junk prices," add all this to our own, and sail it in one grand armada to the Pacific, there to be "sunk ten miles deep with all flags flying." What a demonstration it could be made with sound amplifiers and wireless and moving pictures to bring it home even to the most remote villages! Madness, you say? The Allies would certainly refuse? Perhaps, yet sanity will always appear mad in a mad world and the healing of the nations will never come about until men's imagination can be captured by a dramatic faith in peace as it has repeatedly been captured by a tragic and preposterous faith in war.

PROHIBITION in Norway has had almost as many obstacles in its virtuous way as it has in the United States. There are smugglers and revenue officers, and a war to the death between them all up and down the coast; there are doctor's prescriptions and marvelous cures worked by alcohol. But prohibition has had the backing of the greatest force in Norway—the labor movement and the parties of the Left—and sporadic violations of the law would scarcely have endangered its ultimate success if suddenly and irrationally this moral and social problem had not become entangled with the prosperity of Norway's chief industries—fishing and trading. For years before prohibition took effect Norway had imported and consumed great quantities of Spanish and Portuguese liquors and heavy wines. The prohibition law ended this lucrative trade, but recently the trade treaties between Norway and the two wine-producing countries came to an end and Spain and Portugal saw their opportunity for retaliation. The tariff on fish and other goods from Norway was increased tenfold; Norwegian shipping was charged for quay space five times the amount imposed on shipping from the "most favored nation." This treaty war smote Norway at a time of general depression, and public indignation looked upon the prohibition law as the cause of all ills. In the recent elections the Left Party—which has controlled the Government for several years—suffered a defeat, but its strength is still great and in the matter of prohibition it is supported by the 28 Communists in the Storthing. Consequently the Cabinet was confronted by a dilemma: to keep the prohibition law and yet to save the trade treaties with Portugal and Spain. It has solved the problem by the amiable decision to import heavy liquor in agreed quantities under the label of medicine. Thus conscience and the fishing industry and merchant marine are all satisfied.

FREE discussion is essential to education and certainly to democracy, but free discussion has as hard a time of it in some of our supposedly democratic State universities as in any privately endowed institution. The University of Wisconsin once had a fine reputation for liberalism, but "other times, other manners." President Birge has refused to allow Scott Nearing and others to speak on the University grounds, and the Regents now sustain him. They have, they say, "certain duties and responsibilities placed upon them by law." These include "a measure of responsibility for the speakers who speak from the University platform." One of these super-responsible Regents, we understand, paid a huge fine for hoarding sugar during the war. Wisconsin has a liberal Governor; it is inconceivable that he and the Legislature will tamely accept the Regents' decision.

THE controversy between the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Trustees of Goucher College as to who really has jurisdiction over the college appears—under the many technical details involved—to be very simple. While Goucher, formerly the Woman's College of Baltimore City, was struggling to survive, the Methodists, who had founded it, allowed it to solicit funds everywhere on the ground that it was non-sectarian; in 1914 they allowed it to petition the General Assembly of Maryland for a new charter, which was granted and which made Goucher College undenominational as well as non-sectarian—all this without important complaint or hindrance from the Methodists. But now that the college has raised a substantial endowment fund, has greatly increased its attendance and its grade of work, and has become indeed an institution of national standing, the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church has taken a new interest and is trying to force itself back into the power which it did not care for when it meant responsibility. This strikes us as being rather poor sportsmanship.

THE third of the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Arthur Nikisch, whose premature death is reported from Leipzig, was as distinguished and successful as any orchestra director in modern times. With American audiences he was, despite the efforts of the labor unions to exclude him as a contract laborer, extremely popular, and not merely because he was, unlike one or two of his successors, what people used to call "a fine gentleman." An excellent disciplinarian, of charming and modest personality, he seemed to possess every quality of a great conductor and brought the Boston Symphony up to what many consider the high-water mark of its career. Although distinctly of a romantic trend he lacked nothing in the way of variety or virility. Certainly no conductor could ask greater recognition than to have been at the head of the Boston Symphony, the London Symphony, the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, as well as the foremost Viennese and Budapest organizations. With great orchestra conductors too scarce, his death makes more serious the difficulty of the Boston Symphony and others which are looking for new leaders and find the field more than ever restricted by reason of war hatreds. One New York orchestra is fortunate; as Josef Stransky ends his most successful season as head of the Philharmonic, Willem Mengelberg arrives to inherit his associate's record-breaking audiences. But another Nikisch is needed to bring back the Boston Symphony to its old prestige.

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The Farmers' Political "Menace"

A SOUTH CAROLINA cotton farmer spoke for more than himself when he wrote that he wished that "cotton had never reached forty cents." At that price he paid off part of his mortgage, took his wife out of the cotton fields, and sent his children to school. Today he is deeper than ever in debt; his wife and children are back in the fields and they are "all discontented as they never were before." Such stories as this emphasize the human realities behind agrarian discontent. The abiding impression one takes away from formal or informal discussion of agricultural conditions in the United States is the real misery in which our farming population finds itself. That misery is more poignant because in thousands of cases it has followed so close on the first approach to a fuller life which war prices made possible. For a few years cotton brought a real profit, but the 1920 crop was sold at about one-third the cost of production and this year's crop—the smallest in twenty-five years—cannot be sold at cost. In 1919 the American farmer's "average reward for labor, risk, and management" was $1,466, and in 1920, $465. As compared with 1913 the farmer's dollar in May, 1920, computed in terms "of purchasing power of all commodities," was worth 89 cents; in May, 1921, it was worth 63 cents. Farmers in the corn belt are asking "why ham is sold at retail throughout the country at about six times the price per pound of live hogs in Chicago when the normal ratio is about 1 to 3½." These figures, taken almost at random from those laid before the recent National Agricultural Conference, become more impressive when set over against the unsatisfied hunger of the world. Even in the United States agricultural production has not kept step with the growth of population within the last decade. And yet the farmers cannot market their crops!

It would take a very dull city man not to understand the significance of these facts, yet editors and correspondents of metropolitan dailies seem less interested in the underlying causes than in their political effects. Thus the New York *Herald* sees in the farm bloc and its radical allies "a young colossus," a forerunner of a great political unit which, should it find leadership, "would sweep everything before it." The New York *World* agrees in an editorial, whose contention is shown by its title, "A Shipwrecked Administration." Both papers, to their credit, realize that the new movement is inevitable in the present state of American political parties. It is true that discontent, both agrarian and industrial, is abundant. It is true that the farmers' bloc has successfully defied the Administration. Even the Conference, continually denounced by some of its own members as handpicked, adopted a resolution commending the farm bloc which the President in his opening address had, with great political ineptitude, gone out of his way to attack. Nevertheless we cannot agree that the farmers' movement is either as radical or as powerful as these New York editors fear. Certainly it lacks leaders; and it lacks something even more essential—cohesion and a fairly definite economic program. Already there is talk in Washington of beating the bloc not by fighting it but by diluting it. Let a number of sound or nearly sound Administration men discover a great affection for the farmer and join the bloc. They can bore from within better than fight from without. Their opportunity is greater because the farmers at the most liberal estimate are scarcely one-third organized; the Nonpartisan League—the most radical of farm organizations—has been defeated in its home State and is heavily in debt; the national organizations—the Farmers' Council, the National Grange, and the Federation of Farm Bureaus—are often at daggers drawn. Senator La Follette has just denounced the leaders of the Federation of Farm Bureaus for "selling out" to big business and making an unholy alliance with the railroads.

Not only is the strength of the farmers' movement impaired by divided councils but by the complexity of the economic issue. It will be hard to unite the farmers on one issue as on free silver in 1896. Agricultural prosperity, intelligent farmers believe, depends upon restoration of world prosperity, changes in our own system of money and credit, readjustment of tariff and taxes, cheap transportation, scientific farming and marketing, the elimination of superfluous middlemen by cooperative associations, and stabilization of prices. Radical and conservative farmers agree that all these are important. Still more significant is their agreement to ignore the social implications of tenant farming. In 1920 tenant farmers constituted 38.1 per cent of the entire number. A large part of the cotton of the South is raised by Negroes and 75.2 per cent of the Negro farmers are tenants or "croppers." Back of tenant farming is the more fundamental question of society's right as against the individual owner's to economic rent from the land. Agricultural conventions do their best to ignore the subject. The farmers may be swept with this or that "heresy"—as the orthodox economist sees it—with regard to money or price-fixing by government guaranty of minimum prices, but there is no sign that we can discern that he thinks in terms of the rewards of labor rather than of property or realizes that in some regions his present plight is partly due to the mad fever of land speculation which reached appalling dimensions in Iowa before the break in the price of grain. Even now he is inclined to blame labor as much as the railroads for high freight rates. Of the national farmers' organizations only the Council shows a desire to reach an understanding with organized labor. While this is true the forces of big business have no need to fear a genuinely radical movement looking to a new economic order.

They do have to fear, or to welcome, according to their own degree of enlightenment or self-interest, three hopeful tendencies: (1) A growing recognition among farmers that their own prosperity depends upon the restoration of Europe. The American farmer is convinced that the war is over and that its hates are without justification. Increasingly he is insisting that the question of indemnities and debts must be settled so that Europe can get to work. He is not always consistent about it; in the same convention he will applaud the demand on the one hand for reviving European trade and on the other for a high protective tariff against foreign goods; but he is beginning to think internationally. (2) American farmers are learning how to cooperate. The most encouraging reports at the Conference dealt with the success of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and the American Cotton Growers' Exchange in the South. (3) American farmers are thinking for themselves. They will not vote like sheep and they will not accept fluctuations in the value of money and other social maladjustments as ordained of God. And this is progress.

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Charles Young, Colonel

THE tidings just relayed from the Liberian boundary of the passing of Charles Young deeply stirs the emotions. For there was but one Charles Young and there was no regular army colonel like him. Upon his shoulder-straps the colonel's eagle bore an especial significance—he had soared to win it and none other of his kind had ever achieved it. For this man's skin was black. He was of a race despised, an American with the bar sinister stamped upon him. He was of those of our countrymen for whom, so some would have it, there is ordained only tillage, serfdom, the ranks, and the private's uniform, but never the officer's. Distinction and leadership are not to be theirs; good enough they are to be thrown into the maelstrom of a world war by the hundred thousand, but not good enough to lead others or themselves. Was there not a Congressman in Washington once who said of our Union that it "is not worth a curse as long as a distinction exists between Negroes and horses"?

Yet here was this man Charles Young who truly recognized such a distinction. When but a lad he dared to enter the portals of a West Point dedicated to the military caste and the white. For five long years he endured ostracism and insult, but would not be denied. Where others had failed he persevered and triumphed. There was a German general about that time, when it was still fashionable to regard the Prussians as the ablest sons of Mars, who visited West Point. "What was it," he was asked, "that you liked best there?" "The best thing I saw was a black cadet in charge of a section of artillery; that *is* a soldier." And so Charles Young went forth a lieutenant to rise by steady steps in the two cavalry regiments of the blacks. He knew how to avoid the pitfalls laid for him; he understood perfectly that for him there must be a special code of uprightness and of duty. For him would be fatal the slip that meant glossing laughter for one of a lighter skin. So he bore himself blamelessly and looked daily in the eyes of all men without shame, without fear, and with a great pride. He had God-given tact; he knew how not to offend and yet how to keep a complete self-respect. He intruded nowhere, yet he asked all the rights of his uniform and so compelled the respect of his associates that, be it set down to the credit of the army, he obtained the justice which alone he asked.

So it came to pass that years after he had had his baptism of fire he commanded a battalion of his regiment in the field in Texas where black men were once slaves, and there he messed for months with his subordinate officers, every one of whom was white. It was social equality, if you please, that dreaded scourge to offset which men are burned and hanged each year under the Stars and Stripes. But nothing happened in this organization; there was no friction, no quarrel, and no cataclysm. The heavens above did not fall; neither did any inspector-general report aught but what was good and soldierly of this battalion. Perhaps it was because of this, perhaps because it was known that of all the smaller volunteer bodies of the Spanish War there was none better than Charles Young's Ninth Ohio Separate Battalion (with which no white man served), that when Charles Young was lieutenant-colonel and our flag went into Mexico in 1916 he led his entire regular regiment after its colonel was disabled. It was John J. Pershing who commanded that column sent, fruitlessly, to capture Villa, "dead or alive," and throughout it was Pershing who kept Charles Young at the head of the Tenth Cavalry when it would have been easy to put a white colonel over the black lieutenant-colonel's head.

Alas, the justice of the service ended there—without question because Woodrow Wilson, the Southerner, was President. Soon there were military medical men found who discovered in Charles Young a disease no civilian doctor could ever detect. Just when the opportunity to show what a colored commander could do when the greatest of wars was at hand, came for Charles Young the retired list with the full rank of colonel as an undesired sop. Activity was his, yes, but it would not do to let this man show again what he could be in the field. Idleness his spirit could not brook; this "disabled" man was ready for service anywhere. To Liberia, where he had already commanded the frontier guard, he went once more, and there in the jungle on a dangerous reconnaissance the jungle-fever claimed him. "Sooner or later," he had said in speaking of it, "it gets you." So died one who being a Negro yet distinguished between himself and a horse and smashed to smithereens, as have the colored generals in the French army, the absurdity that Negroes can follow only if whites lead. It was the black Toussaint L'Ouverture and his blacks who successively defeated the veterans of France, of Spain, and of England on the fields of Haiti. There was the stuff of L'Ouverture in Charles Young, in the flash of his eye and the lift of his head.

Rising Rents—And a Way Out

RENTS are still rising. This is the most impressive fact in recently published figures of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on the cost of living. The average cost of living has been going down since the peak in June, 1920. In our five largest cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland—it decreased by an average of 19.6 per cent between June, 1920, and December, 1921. But in contrast to the downward movement of the average cost of living in the last year and a half, rents have risen in all but two of twenty-six cities in regard to which figures were lately made public by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The two exceptions are Detroit and Seattle, where conditions have been unusual. Both of these cities had big war booms with rapidly increasing populations and soaring rents previous to the armistice. Since then ship-building in Seattle and the automobile industry in Detroit have collapsed, and there has been an exodus of workers and an amount of distress among those remaining that has made it impossible further to force up the cost of shelter. The following figures for our five largest cities illustrate the general situation:

	Per cent of increase from December, 1914, to—			
	Dec., 1920	May, 1921	Sept., 1921	Dec., 1921
New York	38.1	42.2	44.0	45.7
Chicago	48.9	78.2	79.8	83.9
Philadelphia	38.0	44.2	47.1	48.1
Detroit	108.1	101.4	96.6	91.1
Cleveland	80.0	88.1	82.8	81.2

These statistics should give a jolt to those who have lulled themselves into the belief that the housing shortage was resolving itself. On the contrary, it is plainly growing more acute; and a general and substantial increase in rents in a

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period of industrial depression not only proves a shortage of housing, but it is an alarming social tragedy in the face of widespread unemployment and lower incomes.

Of course it is unfair to assume that the situation is due solely to profiteering landlords. For lack of houses, as distinguished from increased rents, the landlords are no more responsible than anybody else, while it must be admitted that a large proportion of the recent rent increases has been justified. It is true that there has been, and is, profiteering of a most outrageous sort. But it is also true that rents in most places remained almost stationary from 1914 to 1919, a period during which other costs almost doubled. A study of the figures already quoted shows that in eleven out of sixteen cities for which data are available the advance in rents between June, 1914, and December, 1921, was less than the increase in the average cost of living in the same places during that period. The landlord was the last to ask for his bit of inflation, and, both because the consumer is already staggering under more than he can bear and because the demand comes at a moment when other costs are receding, the raising of rents is arousing unusual bitterness.

In any event it is less important to assign the blame than to find a remedy. In Europe there are large government-directed building schemes under way; here nothing of the kind has been undertaken. There are huge obstacles in the road, due partly to selfish opposition from the propertied classes and partly to a general fear that municipal housing schemes, although logically promising, would, in the present state of our politics, be productive of graft, waste, and disappointment. Exemption of new houses from taxation for a ten-year period has stimulated building in New York, and an extension of the period in which such building may be begun can perhaps be justified as an emergency measure. But no such special subsidy to a particular group of home builders can be a cure. Of more permanent value would be a reconsideration of our whole system of land taxation which discourages improvement and encourages speculation in land values. Another and more immediately realizable hope lies in cooperative building. A proposal, made by Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the Lockwood Committee in New York, includes an element of cooperation. Provided authority can be obtained from the State legislature, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has promised to put $100,000,000—10 per cent of its assets—into house construction in New York City on a basis to yield 6 per cent. The Thompson-Starrett Company has offered to take charge of construction without profit, and workers in the building trades propose that the men employed on the houses shall put in six extra hours a week without pay in return for the privilege of renting apartments in the new buildings. Concessions in the prices of building materials are also expected. In this way it is estimated that 45,000 of the 80,000 apartments which New York City needs can be supplied at a monthly rent of $8 to $9 a room. Obviously the plan would meet the demands of only a small part of the city's residents, but it would indirectly benefit the rest by relieving congestion and probably by checking further increases in rent. If Mr. Untermyer's scheme is applicable to New York City, it is equally so to other communities. There are many corporations besides the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which cannot put their funds into speculative securities that may find it a good business proposition to invest in the building of cheap homes at a yield of 6 per cent. And labor would help.

Molière

THE great comic dramatist of France, the three-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is celebrated this year, was in the highest as well as in the deepest sense a realist. He allied himself with the popular theater of his day which he transcended and also immortalized not by the grace and ardor of poetry, nor by anything that has to do with a high beauty or distinction of form, but by his tireless pursuit of truth and right reason and by his intrepid hostility to sham and cant.

The young advocate of twenty-one who fled from the paternal flesh-pots and the futile intricacies of the law to join the poor players of the Illustre Théâtre may not yet have been clearly conscious of the passion that was to rule his life. But the motive for that passion in experience is definitely furnished by the actions and the character of the vivid father in the case. Molière's father was upholsterer-in-ordinary to Louis XIII. He gave his son a gentleman's education hoping, perhaps, for another and vicarious bit of social advancement. His disappointment made him rancorous. He refused to bail out of a debtor's prison the treasurer of his son's company and showed signs of relenting only when the author of "L'Etourdi" and "Le Dépit amoureux" had won the plaudits of the crowd and the favor of a prince of the blood. It is not difficult to imagine in what circles the young Molière saw with amusement and not without bitterness Orgon and Tartuffe and Madame Pernelle, Jourdain and Argan and Harpagon—all the silly or canting crew.

He became, at all events, a determined lover of that "perfect reason that flees from all extremes," one who saw in simple, undeviating sincerity "something that is in its own nature noble and heroic," and hated nothing so profoundly as that "privileged vice of hypocrisy which closes the world's lips and enjoys the repose of a sovereign impunity." He felt it to be his business to destroy that impunity in the worlds of quackery and of social and religious pretense. And the depth and urgency of that feeling is attested by the note of a passion not less than tragic which quivers in "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Tartuffe."

It is by virtue of his spirit that Molière is great rather than by virtue of his form. He has a sober eloquence in his prose and often a tingling reality; his thoroughly pedestrian verse rises to occasional brilliance as in the compact and telling "characters" of the second act of "Le Misanthrope"; more often it is a fetter and a fetter consciously worn. Nor do those critics serve his fame who seek to make an excuse or even an exemplar of the primitive and arbitrary structure that belonged to his age rather than to himself, and to subordinate the great liberating spirit to the seventeenth-century dramaturgist.

He does not need false praise. "He represents humanity in its uncorrupted form," said Goethe. "Nothing about him is contorted or crippled." It is the truth of this observation that justifies and renders permanent the beautiful and final panegyric of Sainte-Beuve: "To love Molière is to be forever cured not only of base and infamous hypocrisy, but of all fanaticism and intolerance; it is to be equally guarded against making an idol of man or despising him; it is to be the foe of mannerism and pedantry and to love in others and in oneself the fundamental health and rectitude of the mind."

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The Tower of Ivory: An Argument

By HENRI BARBUSSE and ROMAIN ROLLAND

The Other Half of Duty

IT is not strange that there should be, among the "toilers of the mind," a compact majority which is essentially conservative. Here, amid the glimmerings of modern intellectual life, we perceive the renewal of an age-old fact. "Literature" was ever a fashionable form of slavery. Particularly in the "great epochs," when political success touched the peaks, the function of writers, thinkers, and artists was one of ornamentation and publicity. They served to bring forms of rule, consecrated institutions, into a popular esteem equal to that felt for accepted customs and ways of thought.

Doubtless this role of the flatterer, which most famous writers so brilliantly understood, was in large part inflicted upon them by the very limitations of their professional destiny. There were other, more primitive reasons for this bent of theirs. Almost by their very nature sculptors of life and events bring the weight of the past into things. Art has an instinctive tendency to go over to conservatism; for the spectacle of that which *is*, and that which *was*, offers a plastic richness already prepared, and incomparably more fictile than the conjectures of a lofty understanding which seeks the future.

Out of this natural orientation of artistic vitalism are born the sophistries to which this discussion will have occasion to recur. The reasons provoking it are more apparent than real, but appearances one sees first—and to inquire more deeply requires will.

Most writers have not assumed this responsibility. We speak solely of creative writers, not scholars. Science, through her precise, inherent obligations, is forced to pursue the good another way: she is essentially a rectifier. The critical spirit is her very *raison d'être*. She is a pondered systematization, and she sets her pattern inflexibly against the disorder and obscurantism of natural contingencies, as well as against the traditions and phantoms of appearance. And one might say that the intellectuals have raised themselves in originality—and have laid themselves open to excommunication—in measure as they have ceased to ape the priests in order to simulate the scholars. That dangerous anomaly, however, has been rarely to their taste and within their reach; and during the first quarter of the twentieth century in the intellectual center of France the thirty-nine most honored literary ornaments form a group wherein the classic propaganda against innovation is crystallized into a mountain. Such a common fact is not very disturbing. It matters little what may be the proportions of ignorance and servility in this matter. It is pointed out merely to show that the established forces have monopolized the spiritual weapons just as they have monopolized the temporal weapons, the refined means as well as the uncouth means; and that the art of expression has been largely industrialized so as to bring its lordly advertisement to serve orthodoxy and to harmonize obedience.

At present various grave misunderstandings are taking form among the minority of the non-reactionary intellectuals, and these misunderstandings threaten to grow. And right here a problem is posed which must be met. For it is a question of the attitude of men who, moved by honesty and veracity, have brought their accusations against this old and multiform regime now conducting us from ruin to death and who present, today, as against our ultra-republicanism, the appearance of adversaries. These writers, thinkers, and artists, who have many hazy disciples, use—and abuse, according to my opinion—the authority and example of Romain Rolland.

Let our opponents not rejoice too soon in the belief that my comrades of Clarté or I join in any one of their calumnies against the man of whom our epoch has most reason to be proud. We assume to raise no question whatsoever as to the moral courage and the literary genius of Romain Rolland, nor would we diminish in the least the far range of that cry which he hurled against war at a moment when, alone, he rose above human savagery and when, alone, he was so superbly right. We touch such a name as his solely because it is otherwise impossible to point out the social danger and the intellectual mistake which we wish to blazon forth. The peril has been brought on chiefly by the doings of "Rollandists" who revere a master more than they understand him.

An honest, perceptive, and courageous man serves the freedom of the mind most gloriously when he rises above a mad war by using his judgment. Nothing is more noble than this attack of reason and pity upon a scourge which sums up, at one stroke, all artificial plagues, all voluntary disasters. The alert mind refuses to accept the monstrous madness, general or universal though it be. It confronts the human ideal with that which others also have dared to call "ideal." Upon itself alone it imposes the correction of all thought and of the human heart, and it indicates where the clashes of peoples reach the great plane of human brotherhood and the inviolable purposes of common existence.

He whom circumstances place "alone against all" goes far beyond the sanctimonious lamentations permitted the most wise. He outdistances the decrepit, poetical, ancestral litanies against misfortune and the madness of mortals. He reveals by what common ties falsehood and crime are linked. He even goes so far as to establish beyond dispute that the recurrent and multiplying assassinations of war are, as a matter of fact, the work of an international minority which holds the helm of things and which uses peoples as instruments to its own ends.

Of what use is this condemnation which is decreed by the mind in revolt against accomplished facts? It serves to rescue, as Romain Rolland has already said, "the independence" of the mind and the rights of thought; to preserve, in a terrestrial ruin, the spiritual treasure which has been the legacy of the great consciences of the past and which, moreover, has been recreated by each one of them. It is a positive act also, because it augments this moral treasure and enlarges it in the public mind. That cult which attracts steadfast personalities who have known how to oppose lies and illusions ought to double its following through sheer gratitude.

But does that suffice? It does not. It brings about no

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change in things. For ourselves we are no longer able to resist a compulsion roused within us: to prevent a new war, or, at least, to work toward that end. However resounding and beautiful the imprecations of heroes of justice and pity may be, wars will begin again when these have died away. For the social causes of war remain intact. Words of the mind have no direct purchase upon life. There is a lack of actual contact between events, which are geared together, and that lofty negation which the great protestant poses in public view. The part played by the pure moralists is negative. They come after the blow has fallen and they are condemned to follow, ever to follow when disasters are let loose and when, rank by rank, the frantic obliteration of soldiery has begun. Proprietors in the world's business laugh at this moral ceremonial and go on undisturbed; the profiteers continue to pile up wealth all over the face of the earth; diplomacy and parliaments—the secret police and the public gendarmerie of the capitalists—continue to tie up between them, through treaties and laws, the interests of money though the bonds cut into human flesh.

This noble and dreadful impotence must be abandoned. To escape it we must admit that the struggle against the false laws of society entails two steps; the destructive and the constructive; and that these twain are inseparable and consequential. "One destroys only that which one replaces," Auguste Comte has declared. Failing of support upon a positive plan, the most vigorous and loftiest criticism drifts like a cloud. A philippic against the existing order is but a vain complaint unless it be the reverse side of a new statute.

It is here that the second task of the intellect presents itself: To construct in opposition to the social order, which is the truth of fact, an ideal order which is at first nothing more than a theoretical truth, a work of the mind, like a science—like a science which is insistent, and positive, and applied. For if it is true that the torments which the spectacle of increasing injustice toward men causes fine souls to undergo, select and set to work the revisers of the law, they do it after a realistic examination of the conditions of life, individual and collective, and upon it they rear the structure of their new idea.

The socialistic theorists have, as it were, turned back upon their bases the arbitrary conceptions of what people call, through some strange idolatry, "the established order." They have shown that its sole reason for existence is the very fact that it *is* "established," and that it disposes of all constraints, material or moral. The system of oligarchies and privileges which consecrates the servitude of almost all productive forces, and which devises almost unlimited slaughter by converting all vital spots on earth into centers of antagonism and destruction, is to be expelled from human reason solely by its own organized counterpart. This rational order drives out from beneath the individual, and life itself, the might and legalism of societies. It organizes renovation throughout the whole complex machinery of life. It destroys in every direction the arbitrary, the conventional, the superstitious, and it creates a complete organism. For a complete organism alone can aspire to live.

So these servants of the mind have distanced their predecessors. They have thumbed, in a fashion at once useful and important, the pages whereon is written the rude evidence of the consequences and results in which we flounder. They have pointed out to whom and to what things people who engage in mutual assassination pay their real obeisance, and what allegiances they are compelled to obey. Between the great objectives of solidarity and peace—the mere proclamation of which leaves but an echo in the ear—and contemporary chaos, they have wedged a plan of doctrine and action. They have filled up the break in continuity between what is and what ought to be, that moat which, more than guns and legends, has hitherto protected privilege and its divine ferocity. They do not permit themselves to be discouraged by the enormousness of a work which calls for an entirely new beginning in the complex and disputed domain of existing laws. And it is these men who have brought to all avoidable public misfortunes and all avoidable collective sufferings the only solution likely to survive.

Assuredly to offer an ideal solution does not put it into application. It is necessary, in every instance, to make that the beginning. A plan for reconstruction adequate to the realities of the case has in itself such strength that the mere propagation of it takes on the import of action. For the masses of the people who are the supreme power and whose frustration has been brought about, hitherto, only by their own uncertainty and lack of cohesion will do what they want when they make up their minds. The new idea is not merely a refutation. It is a plan of things.

Now we must make the sad and surprising declaration that the "Rollandists" hold themselves apart, systematically, from the logicians and social organizers, and display no interest in "the practical aspect of the problem." Is this an antipathy toward all which has to do with "politics"? Is it a scruple against the careless utterance of downright affirmations and against that boldness which dares assert: This is the truth? Is it fear of certain notions such as that of violence? Is it the hope that it may be possible to effect a cure and a change for humanity by different means? Every one of these reasons is both weak and childish. Look from any angle at the word "politics" and one cannot escape the fact that it signifies realization in a province where to realize is all, and where a pure idea evaporates if it remains purely an idea.

What guaranties to the demands of the mind and the conscience does the plan of the socialistic reconstruction offer? Does not this consist in putting into logical application those eternal truths which are a common creed? We do not brandish, having discovered or composed it mysteriously, a collection of magical and hermetic recipes. The whole structure of the ideal reorganization is governed by the elimination of anomalies. There can be no mistakes of calculation in that geometry of social revolution which the principles of Clarté limit and comprehend. There is no more presumption in proclaiming this than there is on the part of those scholars who proclaim the infallibility of fundamental laws of applied sciences in those marked, restricted, practical provinces where the applied sciences are authorized to employ the great word "truth."

Other solutions? There are none. There are not many methods of bringing into a general adjustment all the personal efforts within a balanced, economic dynamism. There might be a way out through the individual regeneration of some man who, changing from an egoist to a good man, would no longer have need for organization or collective regulation to enable him to practice good and to live in accord with the ideal. But we cannot pause seriously before this vision of a miraculous solution. Crises squeeze living generations. We are being blotted out by persistent civil

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war. Humanity is being given into usury, hurled into an abyss, and it is suggested that we wait in order that all may straighten out of itself, since men may be transformed, without exception, after the pattern of those who are, here below, nothing but prodigious exceptions themselves!

As for "violence," it may be said here that this word has been coarsened and deformed to excess. The result is that we have come to entertain a disorderly image of something which is nothing more nor less than a simple conclusion of good sense and which needs to be ranked and ranged in its place. No one extols brutal and bloody action—at least among men who have made up their minds to remove the social machinery from the disorders of violence by scientific wisdom. It is no less obvious that the rule of reason and justice—which it is now a question of establishing—will hold sway only if those interested impose and maintain it. That is to say, if they take possession of the power which is the sole means of imposing and of maintaining anything. Violence, or rather, constraint—for there is no reason for hanging a tragic tag on this indispensable transfer of control to the victims and exploited—outside of the hands of the present usurpers of it is, itself, a neutral element. It cannot be qualified as good or bad except as regards the use made of it. The man most steeped in humanitarian and sentimental ideas will admit that constraint should be exercised upon common criminals so as to prevent them from doing injury. The imperialistic, militaristic regime makes itself known by a series of acts which are recognized, too late, as a series of crimes against common law. Violence has here for its end nothing more than to disarm. Its intervention is, to all purposes, in the general conception of social revolution—and we weigh the words before using them—only a detail and a provisionary detail at that.

I believe that as a matter of fact there is scarcely any right or excuse for this tendency of the mind of which I am speaking. It is born of detachment and it readapts to modernism the traditional formula of the Tower of Ivory. Servants of the mind consider that they have terminated their task when they have made a hostile demonstration against the flood of evils, and more than once it happens that they do not give themselves the trouble, even, to pierce through and to reduce certain confusions. Thus the gulf widens more and more between people who are at one in hatred for the dominant barbarism. Since it is a question of changing an ideal into a fact, of modifying the order of things, and since there are together on the universal stage both conservatives and reformers, then the negative reformers are, in fact, nothing more nor less than conservators of the old order. Their weight is added to that of the group clinging grimly to the past. They fetch against us stagnation, obstruction, and even opposition. Their part is facilitated in public opinion by the reputation which they have for being "advanced," a characteristic true only of what they oppose. They would like to maintain a contact, willy-nilly, along the fringe of the organized and "perfectly regular" struggle, with the anarchists, with forces broken and scattered and more harmful through the consequences of their acts, as individuals, than useful through the heroism of their example. They form, finally, a sort of ornamental "left" among the "pacifisms" and "liberalisms," unlucky because they are unuseful.

They consider socialism in a summary fashion. Turning exclusively and with an inflexible obstinacy toward yesterday, toward an historic episode, they declare its failure by reason of its irresolution and the feebleness which a part of the minority displayed in 1914, a part which was entirely unable to apply the brakes to events. But such a judgment is one of inadmissible narrowness and one cannot determine in this way the system of beliefs, and of strategy, by which all beginnings, all outlines, all victories, and all defeats of the spirit of revolt in the course of the ages are summed up and proceed. Youth today must boldly make choice between the two tendencies. It must consider that the time is at hand when recriminations not founded upon constructive and precise effort are merely decorative and almost blameful.

The revolutionary spirit is the complement of the spirit of revolt. Human thought should render itself independent in order to ripen into action, and not in order to be independent merely. The "Rollandists" have accomplished but the first part of their duty as men of thought. The invectives of the moralists have been, this time, too profound not to clear away, in spite of all, the road to work. That road the tramplings of their disciples will now harden.

HENRI BARBUSSE

"In Tyrannos"

Paris, December, 1921

MY DEAR BARBUSSE:

I HAVE your article The Other Half of Duty. I thank you for the personal sympathy which you show toward me in it, and also for the measured and noble tone which you have brought into this controversy. I hope that we may never depart from such a tone, hereafter, for, no matter what may come, we shall ever stand together against the forces of reaction—political, social, moral, or intellectual. And the more menacing they become the more shall they serve to unite us.

I have no intention of answering you in detail today. Neither the time which I have at my disposal nor the limits of an article would suffice for that. I shall do it rather, at leisure, in a general delineation of my ideas and of my faith. If I have abstained, up to the present, it has been due, partially, to the fact that you yourself besought me not to oppose your efforts; and you are well aware that my intervention has not been without some service for the adhesion to Clarté of certain among the leaders abroad. Your courteous attack upon "Rollandism" compels me to take a definite stand. Perhaps it may result in the founding of a "Rollandism" which, up to the present day, does not exist. For my own part I would regret such an outcome, for I have an aversion to everything which tends to weaken individual initiative and the taste for liberty. In any case, it is not on behalf of the "Rollandists" but as one speaking for Romain Rolland himself that I shall make a brief reply.

You are astonished, my dear Barbusse, that I should persist in refusing to associate myself with your group for intellectual action. As a matter of fact, from the very inception of Clarté I have felt myself out of agreement with the mind of its founders. I have not wished, however, to give judgment lightly, and I have held myself to an attitude of reserve and watchful waiting.

Permit me to express my regrets that you should interpret that reserve as "a detachment," a retreat into the too famous Tower of Ivory. Whoever knows me, whoever has read a single one of my books, will say whether the tone of them is that of a man of "detachment," or whether, on

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the contrary, it is that of a man torn by the sufferings of the world, and struggling incessantly either to lessen or to pacify them. No matter what anyone may say of my ideas, it is difficult to deny me faith. I would not have survived a single day of the bitter moral existence which has been my lot had this faith not sustained me in the test, ever since youth, and carried me above the abyss. One of your friends has called me, I believe, "a susceptible mystic." Without accounting for the balance of divers elements which make up a thought, that *boutade*, which laid claim to nothing more than to be agreeable to me, is much nearer the truth than the accusation of "an aesthetic detachment." But your friend was laboring under a delusion in his belief that the religious force (in the freest sense of the term) is unemployed in the world of today. It is scarcely suspected (or very little suspected among your group) what mighty, subterranean snares are heaped up within the soul of existing humanity, and by what powerful forces below it is moved. Your attention comes to a pause a bit too frequently upon the surface of the world; it attempts to rationalize life to excess. And it would appear to be the tendency of Clarté, according to you, to reorient the enigma of human evolution with a problem of Euclidean geometry.

Pardon me for a friendly smile when I read in your article that "there can be no mistaken calculation in this geometry of social revolution which the general principles of Clarté limit and comprehend." What an abstract conception of man is this—of man, that unfailing source of subconscious energies, or primitive forces, of cosmic radiations! You are more royalist than the king, more rationalistic than those scholars of today to whom you compare yourself, and who, themselves, are far indeed from avowing the "infallibility of fundamental laws"! However, my dear Barbusse, for my own part I do not believe in the "infallibility" of the laws of your "social geometry," and I do not rally to its support.

First, because in theory (but in social and political matters what is theory? Realization is all!) the doctrine of communism does not appear to me (under the absolute form which it actually reveals) to be really in conformity with true human progress. (The question is much too large for me to develop it here. I shall return to it, later on.) Second, because in actual practice its application in Russia has been bound up in sad and cruel errors (the criminality of the coalesced bourgeois governments of Europe and America bears heaviest responsibility for this); because in this application the leaders of the new order have too often upon considered occasions sacrificed the loftiest moral values: humanity, liberty, and, most precious of all, truth.

We will speak of this subject later. If I discussed it here I might have too much to say regarding it. For the past two years I have been about a very contradictory inquiry, in silence. It is unfortunately only too certain that, with the greater number of the directing minds of the revolution in Russia, as in the rest of Europe, everything is subordinated to "the reason of state." I do not wage battle against one "reason of state" in order to avail myself of another. And militarism, the police terror, or brutal force are not sanctified for me because they have become the instruments of a communist dictatorship instead of being the instruments of a plutocracy.

I am sorry to hear you say that "the intervention of violence is only a provisionary affair," for I believe that a minister for national defense and a bourgeois order might easily apply the same formula. It is radically false in both cases. In order that such a claim might have any chance of being true it would be necessary that human nature be a sort of *tabula rasa* as well as a blackboard upon which one might draw with a crayon and then erase with a sponge. But a living organism is of an ultra-sensitive substance, whereon are registered the most subtle of impressions; and violence leaves there traces which are indelible. Morover, remember this: In the ranks of the actual troops of the revolution we find again, in all countries, many of the old-time figures who fought in the war "for right and liberty." And we find them entirely unrepentant. The label has changed. Nothing indicates that it may not undergo further transformation. The state of mind is, however, not less disturbing now than it was before. For a new custom of violence superimposes itself upon the old and gives rise to a fatal predisposition to a future of reinforced violence.

It was in this spirit that I wrote, in "Clerambault" (and I hold to the opinion now more than ever): "It is not true that the end justifies the means. The means are still far more important to the true progress of humanity than the ends."

And this is due to the fact that the end (so rarely, and always so incompletely, attained) modifies the external relations only, among men, whereas the means shape the mind of man either according to the rhythm of justice or according to the rhythm of violence. And if it is according to the latter, no form of government will ever be able to prevent the oppression of the weak by the strong.

That is why I regard it as essential to defend the moral values, and to defend them even the more, perhaps, in a revolution than in ordinary times. For revolutions are the eras of movement, the times when the mind of peoples is most likely to change.

Also, I firmly believe that the greatest service you can render to the communist cause is not to make an apology for it but to lend it true and frank criticism. One man alone in the party exercises in its fulness that independence of judgment: Lenin. This rude dominating force, however, is himself limited by his own doctrinairism and by the walls of the Kremlin. I might say, even, that he is limited by his own power. About him I see scarcely anybody but the scribes of the law.

Communists, be free men. Labor to correct your work incessantly, daring to signalize to yourselves its errors and to fight its abuses!

Just as long as I fail to perceive in a party that passion for truth which has for a corollary a respect for free criticism; as long as I find there only the will to conquer, at all cost and by all means, and the confusion of the interest of the movement with the requirements of justice and absolute good—in a word, while the mind of the servants of the revolution remains strictly political and despises, under the name of "anarchy" or of "sentimentalism," the sacred revindication of the free conscience; just so long do I hold myself aloof, without illusions as to the issue of the battle.

To remain apart does not mean to remain inactive. To each his own work. While you seek (and I praise you for doing it) to address yourself to the most immediate dangers, I for my part have the feeling that the actual convulsions of the world today are neither more nor less than the outcome of a protracted crisis in the growth of humanity, the results of an era of upsets wherein people will be obliged to submit themselves to many other assaults than those

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through which they have just passed. We arm ourselves for that age of iron which our eyes shall not see, but beyond which, I have faith, some small part at least of our spirit shall survive.

We seek, for those who shall come after us, to save and to concentrate the forces of reason, of love, of faith, which will aid them in weathering the tempest when, having accomplished its work of a day, your credo—pardon me for foreseeing its end—your communist credo will be lost in the shadows, compromised in the injustices of the combat, or led astray by the indifference which follows fatally upon the heels of all victories too exclusively political.

Do not misjudge me. I admire, my dear Barbusse, your courage, your ardor, and your chivalrous loyalty. Our two courses of action are not in opposition. They complement each one the other. We are both borne along by the same tide of the revolution, or better, the tide of human renovation, of perpetual renewal. Both of us look toward the rising dawn, and both of us seek to break the mortal bonds of the past, the checks which hinder the march of mankind. But I do not wish to substitute for them newer bonds which are harsher yet.

With you and the revolutionists against the tyrannies of the past, with the oppressed of tomorrow against the tyrannies of tomorrow, the words of Schiller are my watchword forever: "In Tyrannos." ROMAIN ROLLAND

Haiti and Santo Domingo Today—I

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

IN ten days' diligent inquiry in the Dominican Republic I could not find a single native who did not want the American Occupation to get out, bag and baggage, at the earliest possible moment. In twice that period in Haiti I could not discover a single Haitian who was not profoundly unhappy, disillusioned about all things American, and did not desire the return of Haitian sovereignty and independence.

Among thinking Haitians I found that beneath the universal discontent were varying shades of sentiment. First, there is the group, by far the largest, represented by the Union Patriotique, which sees the American Occupation exactly for what it is—an illegal and unwarranted assault conceived in wholly selfish motives on the rights and liberty of an independent, small, and always friendly state—and stands in consequence for unconditional return of unqualified Haitian sovereignty at the earliest moment. A second group, which includes a fair proportion of the small business men, while longing for the withdrawal of the Americans still hopes that some kind of an advantageous situation in the nature of a compromise may be worked out—it wants Haiti's liberty but still hopes for unselfish American assistance. A third group, insignificant numerically but holding by virtue of the American Occupation all the privileges and perquisites which the latter can bestow, is willing to connive with the Occupation as the best course for its members personally in a situation which they feel rather hopeless. In this group are the President, his council of state of twenty-one members, and a few of the other more important state-appointed functionaries. Their views are in part undoubtedly colored by their positions, by the strenuous efforts of the Occupation to cause a split in Haitian ranks, and in part by the inevitable personalities of such men who after the six and a half years of oppression are the docile and pliant residue from whom have been gradually filtered those who preferred principle to expediency and would not longer assist in riveting the chains on their country. The Occupation propaganda which was visibly absorbed by Senator Pomerene—I cannot account for his discourteous heckling of M. Georges Sylvain in any other way—that the Union Patriotique merely represents the political "outs" is amply disproved by the history of those of its members that have had public careers. Virtually everyone of these has been tempted with high office, many in vain, while others having tried it for a time in the hope of rendering some service to their country have found themselves inevitably forced into a position which they believed to be wholly against Haiti's interests.

For the government so-called, in short, the President—for his council merely executes his orders and the slightest resistance on the part of any of them causes his dismissal—is a phantom government, a marionette of which the Occupation pulls the strings. Ever since Secretary Daniels's radio[1] ordering Admiral Caperton, one week after the election of Dartiguenave, to seize Haitian custom-houses with the prescription: "Have President Dartiguenave solicit it, but whether President so requests or not, proceed," the Occupation has attempted to follow this ingenious policy. Every act of autocratic tyranny for which President Dartiguenave could be induced to take verbal responsibility has been made to appear to have the sanction of the Haitian Government. And unfortunately for the Haitians, Dartiquenave, the man whose election "the United States prefers," according to Admiral Benson's radio to Admiral Caperton,[2] has been more than pliant. The testimony of Generals Butler, Waller, Cole, and other high marine officers before the Senatorial Commission would indicate that in many instances he exceeded the wishes of the Occupation in demanding repressive measures. Of course the situation is admirably adapted to the game known as "passing the buck," but a psychoanalytical study would go far to explain President Dartiguenave's course. The Eumenides are haunting his waking hours. In not one of the three interviews I had with him privately, nor in the meeting with President Henriquez y Carvajal, at which I was present, could he keep from talking of his enemies and how they were attacking him. As he is amply protected by American bayonets, these fears are but the reflection of his own conscience. I believe not many Haitians would hold up against him his responsibility for the treaty which they now fear has destroyed their birthright—they all hope, not irretrievably. They realized at the time—and the whole world now knows since the Navy Department's dispatches have been read into the record—that he was under every kind of pressure, and that in that grave crisis his course may have seemed the wisest. At least no one could expect that the United States would itself fail—as it has—to carry out a single one of its own obligations in the treaty which it had written and imposed. No, not for that would the name of Dartiguenave be anathema

[1] August 19, 1915.
[2] August 10, 1915.

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in Haiti today, but rather because having turned over the country to the alien invader he used his every effort to defeat the attempt of other Haitians to regain the lost independence. His position of unique security and vantage he used to oppress his own fellow-countrymen, to demand himself the imprisonment of patriotic journalists who were criticizing his actions, and, most ignominious of all, to decorate, to adorn with his own hands, the breasts of marine officers for the exploits against the Haitians who were revolting against the invader. Surely, they say in Haiti, that was a depth to which he need not have sunk.

Only once did he resist the encroachments of the Americans: in the summer of 1920 when he opposed the efforts of Mr. McIlhenny, the financial adviser, to put through a loan and was punished by having his salary held up for weeks—one of scores of gross illegalities practiced by American officials in Haiti. This resistance may have been inspired wholly by patriotic motives. On the other hand the military Occupation has no love for Mr. McIlhenny. President Dartiguenave showed me the carbon of a letter written November 10 last to President Harding in which he demanded McIlhenny's removal and protested against the loan which the latter was negotiating, but he took occasion to devote the second part of this letter dealing supposedly with financial matters to an enthusiastic eulogy of Colonel John H. Russell, the chief of the Occupation, expressing the hope that he would be retained in Haiti whatever else happened. The working alliance between these two has long been obvious.

It is just to record here that I also heard Colonel Russell highly praised by Archbishop Conan of Port au Prince and by Bishop Pichon of Aux Cayes, who spoke to me of the chief of the Occupation as a fine, upstanding man, beloved of all the Haitians. Truth compels me to report that I did not find this view shared by any Haitians (the clergy is French) although in my personal relations with him I found Colonel Russell thoroughly courteous and kind. I tried to ascertain whether his general unpopularity was merely the natural opposition of an oppressed people to the chief agent of the Occupation, but I found the Haitians distinguishing sharply between individuals. Everywhere I heard nothing but the highest praise for certain marine officers who had in the past held responsible posts in Haiti—General Catlin, Colonel Little, and Lieutenant Colonel Wise—of whom without exception all who discussed the marine personnel spoke in terms of admiration and even affection. Here were three officers, I was told, who had understood the tragic difficulty of the Haitian position and had been friendly and sympathetic.

The question of personnel is of course tremendously important as long as the Occupation continues, though nobody, be he ever so kindly and human, can wholly transmute a military Occupation into a lawn party; and it should not be forgotten for an instant that the great atrocity in Haiti is that we are there at all—and the manner of our going in. And this is fundamentally why the present situation is and will continue impossible, even should we substitute a more sympathetic type of marine personnel and replace the civilian "deserving Democrats," the most important of whom Senator McCormick described as "both socially attractive and personally charming, but how otherwise qualified I am not informed." As Haiti has not been permitted under the rigid color line the Occupation has drawn to enjoy their social attractiveness and personal charm, the actual benefit derived is not difficult to calculate. The situation is fundamentally impossible because the Haitians now firmly believe, following the preliminary report of the Senatorial Commission, that faith and honor are not in the United States. They had been hopeful and confident in the belief that the invasion of 1915 was the act of an irresponsible autocracy in Washington, undertaken without the consent of Congress or the knowledge of the American people, as indeed it was. They hoped that when the American people was finally informed, all this would be swept away and that their century-old liberty would be regained. President Harding's campaign declarations on the subject of Haiti naturally fortified their hope.

What is behind the seizure of Haiti and Santo Domingo? How much is commercial and financial, how much military, and how much just plain blundering? One of the earliest impressions I received, even en route to Haiti, was the way in which marine officers took the Caribbean for granted as a field of activity; being detailed to Costa Rica to keep the Panamanians in their place, or getting "action" in Nicaragua appeared to be all in the day's work; and Haiti and Santo Domingo, while apparently viewed as United States domains, furnished splendid military opportunities. The Caribbean, indeed, is already a great Marine Corps "proving" ground, and the subconscious effect on the attitude of the average marine officer is evident. The corps is not a large body, and its proportion of officers to men is larger than in army or navy. Marines now hold Haiti and Santo Domingo; they have been in Nicaragua since 1912; detachments are in Cuba,[3] Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, the Canal Zone, Panama, and for all any ordinary citizen of our democracy is permitted to know, in other Central American republics. It would perhaps need but one more "Occupation" to necessitate an increase in the size of the Marine Corps—and that means more officers and more rapid promotion. Moreover the opportunities for the individual officer are obviously far greater under conditions of military rule than they would be at some dull post in the United States, as indeed they always are in the field. In Santo Domingo a formerly obscure paymaster, Lieutenant Commander Mayo, the man who floated the notorious 14 per cent loan, became the financial mogul of that republic. In Haiti American officers live infinitely better than they could at home. A lieutenant can afford a large house and several servants, and as an officer in the Gendarmerie d'Haïti (or Guardia Nacional in Santo Domingo) he gets an automobile at the expense of the Haitians or Dominicans, and other perquisites.

As for the chiefs of the respective Occupations, they are not only civil and military dictators but the supreme social arbiters of the foreign colony as well. In every sense they are monarchs of all they survey. No one who incurs the royal displeasure in Haiti is received at the American Club or at other social American functions. The business man, American and foreign, soon finds that it is not merely to his advantage but essential to his well-being to keep on good terms with them. One American business man who complained to me bitterly that the methods employed by the Americans in Haiti had destroyed the prestige and good name of the United States and that such a policy was bound to work to our commercial disadvantage, shuddered at the suggestion of relating these facts to the Senatorial

[3] Three hundred and seventy-five marines were ordered withdrawn from Camaguey, Cuba, on January 26 by Secretary Denby and transferred to Guantanamo.

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Commission. In answer to my inquiry, he said, "Frankly, because I have a wife and —— children, and I want to stay in Haiti." I asked him whether he really felt that giving such information to the Commission would endanger his safety. "I would certainly be put out of business," he said. "As far as my life is concerned, all I can say is that most everyone here knows what happened to Lifschütz." Lifschütz was the one American civilian who dared openly to criticize the Occupation and he happens also to have been the only American civilian ever killed in Haiti.

Senator McCormick, who long before the Commission was created recorded himself publicly in favor of our retention for twenty years of the Civil Occupation of Haiti, but now accepts the military view completely, told me in conversation that his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine gave us "militant rights down to the Orinoco Basin." This, I take it, means that we can according to our needs more or less gobble up everything in and around the Caribbean. South of the Orinoco, Senator McCormick is "willing that the United States should pursue a *noli me tangere* policy." Mr. McCormick's successor may substitute the Amazon for the Orinoco, and Senator Some-one-else may feel that our sphere of militancy should not stop short of the Straits of Magellan. But the fruits of this policy are already visible in our actual, partial, potential, and rapidly increasing domination of the weaker states of the Caribbean.

Of course all this proceeds under the guise of benevolence—a pretention solemnly maintained with evident sincerity by a great number of persons and with a tongue in cheek by others. Colonel Russell told me that it was the two million Haitian country people that he wanted to help, and that he was very fond of them but against the "three hundred agitators in Port au Prince," and this view was echoed by other officers. The Occupation's affection for the Haitian proletariat is truly touching. Obviously if the intellectual crowd, which for better or worse has made Haiti for a century or more, is eliminated, the most docile and the cheapest labor supply that a concessionnaire ever dreamed of will be easily available. Twenty cents a day is the current Haitian wage. But if this was Colonel Russell's view, it was not that of his friend H. P. Davis, vice-president and general manager of the United West Indies Corporation, the American civilian who is generally referred to as the spokesman of the Occupation. To me, at least, he was engagingly frank. "There has been a lot of bunk about helping the Haitians," he said in answer to my inquiry. "I am not here to help the Haitians. I am here to make money out of Haiti for myself and my friends. I am an expert in developing and discovering new territories for development for banks. It is true that in helping myself I have helped some Haitians, but I have helped them incidentally and for purely selfish reasons." It is generally rumored in Haiti that Mr. Davis has ambitions to succeed Mr. McIlhenny as financial adviser should we remain in Haiti. I fail to see why he is not eminently eligible. But nowhere is the situation more lucidly pictured than in the verses which begin:

> If you see an island shore
> Which has not been grabbed before
> Lying in the track of trade as islands should,
> With the simple native quite
> Unprepared to make a fight,
> Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

And yet—despite all this there are Americans in Haiti who have broken through the iron pressure of their environmental opinion—and know better. There must be others—like one clear-eyed officer of no mean rank who said to me: "We've no business here. The fact is that the fellows who stood up against us and were shot down were patriots. These people have as much right to their independence as we have." And another told me simply that the "job is impossible. We don't understand them and they don't understand us. We can't change their natures, and that is what we'd have to do to make them do things our way. It's not the Marine Corps' work anyway."

And they are right—but it is not the prevailing or the official opinion, nor one that these officers could express openly with impunity. We have no business there and our being there benefits no one unless it be a few investors. It will not help the Haitians—although we may build them a few roads; you do not need an Occupation for that. It's no job for young rosy-cheeked boys of yesteryear—who return to the States, burned out by the tropical sun, soaked with rum, often irremediably diseased as well. And above all it never will help the United States—unless we consider the lining of the pockets of a handful a help to our country, to be weighed against the dislike and bitter resentment of a formerly friendly people and the distrust and fear of a dozen others who dread the day when their turn will come. And even for the capitalists—Haiti so far has been a graveyard of high hopes. Eight millions have been sunk in the Haitian-American Sugar Company and a receiver is in charge; the National City Bank's venture has not been profitable despite its special advantages; the largest American cotton-growing venture was a flat failure; the West Indies Trading Company literally went up in smoke when I was in Port au Prince—all this despite the Occupation and the Franklin Roosevelt constitution. Maybe there's a fatality about it; Roger L. Farnham of the National City Bank told the Commission of acres of American cotton that withered while Haitian cotton planted adjacently flourished —*the Mamaloi's curse,* it might be called in fiction.

The really important thing to salvage from Haiti is American honor. It can still be retrieved. Admiral Caperton's revealing we-are-getting-this-treaty-through-thanks-to-military-pressure cable[4] and Josephus Daniels's infamous message[5] ordering the admiral on-your-own-authority-to-tell-the-Haitians-that-unless-they - sign - the-Occupation-will-be-permanent can hardly be formally voted into the American archives of famous documents. Will the Senate of the United States care to enshrine them with the Declaration of Independence, Patrick Henry's invocation, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Gettysburg address? For it is doubtful whether a single Senator knew when he voted to ratify the Haitian treaty in 1916 by what methods it had been imposed. If there be one, let him stand up!

Yet is it more moral to condone an offense because it has occurred? Senator McCormick had no hesitancy in condemning to me in unsparing terms the crime committed against Haiti by Woodrow Wilson and Josephus Daniels. Yet his preliminary report, which gives no inkling that the United States had illegally seized two republics and held them since against the will of their inhabitants, condones this crime. Senator McCormick knows better; he is intelligent enough to know that what we did in Haiti in 1915 and in Santo Domingo in 1916 was dishonest, indecent, and rotten. Senator King's bill calling for withdrawal and abrogation of the treaty fortunately shows the way out.

[4] September 8, 1915. [5] November 10, 1915.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement[1]

February 11, 1915, is the date of the last entry in the regular Diary kept by Sir Roger from the time of his arrival in Berlin. This Diary fills four quarto notebooks of 180 pages each. The last notebook contains, however, an entry of later date, March 28, 1916, at Berlin. It begins "'My Diary' ended here"; this entry gives a retrospect of the period from the last entry of the regular Diary up to the end of December, 1915. It deals almost exclusively with the Irish Brigade.

Sir Roger began a third and final Diary (The Nation *is negotiating for the right to publish part of these subsequent records) shortly before his departure for Ireland in a German submarine in April, 1916. The first entry, March 17, 1916, at Berlin, gives a retrospect of the period from the beginning of 1916, during the greater part of which time Sir Roger was ill at the Sanatorium Neu-Wittelsbach in Munich. The subsequent entries, from March 27, at Munich, till April 8, at Berlin, deal exclusively and in detail with his various interviews with the different authorities at Berlin on his fatal expedition to Ireland, which was undertaken against his will and judgment and ended in placing him at the mercy of the British, who hanged him.*

POSTSCRIPT[2]

SIR ROGER having escaped the physical assassination plotted by M. de C. Findlay,[3] the British Minister to Norway, was next assailed by character assassins in the British service. Against the universally organized British press control Sir Roger was, in his isolation, helpless, except for such aid as the incapable and uninterested German Foreign Office might vouchsafe. The statement he prepared on March 15 [printed in last week's issue of *The Nation*] was not published, and Sir Roger attempted no further public defense of his name. But he was far from feeling the contemptuous indifference to British slander which his public silence seemed to indicate. Regarding the British calumny that his mission to Germany was dictated by sordid financial motives, he wrote to me from Munich, March 26, as follows:

I might have made 50,000 marks if I had written a book dealing with the Findlay affair. All the leading publishers[4] in Germany nearly were after me to do so. I declined and I am very glad I did so. I felt it was beneath me—and mean, too. The British Government and I were at war. They were trying to hit me hard and they did a low-down, dirty thing—but *I* could not exploit their cowardly act for my benefit—nor indeed did I like the idea of holding them up to German public contempt in a personal matter. I *had* to publish my letter to Grey in self-defense—and once having charged them publicly in that official way I could do no more with honor. I challenged them to meet me in Norway and they refused, or evaded the charges in silence, and by spreading lies about me in the press and in secret. For me to have produced a "shocker" on their action would have been to descend to their level almost. So much for the charge of my selling myself to the German Government and getting "German gold." I refused 2,000 marks for one hour's talk even on the Findlay affair in Berlin in February, 1915. . . . On the contrary every penny I have spent in Germany has been "Irish gold"—money sent me by Irishmen and a good deal of this has gone into German hands! Far from my getting "German gold" it is the Germans have had "Irish gold"! Since I came to Germany I have spent roughly about £2,000—and many Germans have done well out of me. . . .

I write, I fear, sometimes in a bitter mood—these people who have all gathered round me when they thought there was something to make out of me, now when they think there is nothing to be got slander me and even call me "a traitor." (I've heard this said of me by people who used to click their heels to me!) But I will say no more—I have only referred to the thing because I was dealing with the charge of the British liars that I had "sold" myself to Germany. It has been all "giving" on my part—no getting—and yet I am slandered before the whole world by the English liars with being "in the employ" of my German paymasters.

And the same people who slander me thus are not paying the mothers and wives of the poor Irish lads they have entrapped into their bloody war—"the accounts being in Mesopotamia." "That blessed word Mesopotamia!"—as the old lady said! . . .

Among the people who "gathered round" him were the Blüchers. In 1920, Princess Evelyn Blücher published her memoirs, entitled: "An English Wife in Berlin—A Private Memoir of Events, Politics, and Daily Life in Germany Throughout the War and the Social Revolution of 1918." London: Constable and Company, Ltd. She refers to Sir Roger as follows:

BERLIN, December, 1914.—On our return to Berlin at the end of November we were startled by the announcement that Sir Roger Casement had arrived there. The wonder was how an Irishman, and an ex-consul of the British Government, could have found his way here. But we were more interested than most, as we knew him well. He had been in Africa with my husband, and we had also seen a good deal of him in London at various times. We knew his anti-English feelings well, and his rabid Home Rule mania, but we did not expect it to have taken this intense form of becoming pro-German.

However, he had not been here many days before he came to see us. He told us the whole story, which can be read in any newspaper, of how, when war broke out, he went over to America, and there spent his time working among the Irish-Americans, advising them to go home, not to enlist for England, etc., telling them that England was only sending their countrymen to their death, and that in the future the only reward they would get was a promise of Home Rule which they had no intention of fulfilling.

His efforts were, I suppose, crowned with some success, as eventually he determined to make his way into Germany to try and work up the Irish prisoners against England. His adventures on the journey are well known, and on his arrival in Norway the British Minister, Mr. Findlay, offered a reward to anyone who would bring him into his hands. Sir Roger, however, after a great deal of correspondence with some of his acquaintances in the Foreign Office in Berlin, was eventually allowed to enter Germany, and was there given free access to the prison camps where the Irish prisoners were.

My husband went to him shortly after his arrival and tried to show him what a false position he had put himself in, and that he had better leave the country as quickly as possible, but it was no use. So after that we refused to see him or have anything more to do with him. When we first saw him, he was most enthusiastic and certain of success, his idea being to try and make the Irishmen promise that if they were free they would not fight for England and would use their influence to prevent recruiting in Ireland. He was not really successful anywhere. In fact he soon became offended because he said the Berlin Foreign Office did not trust him enough. We hinted to him that no one really trusted a traitor, at which he was greatly

[1] Copyright, 1922, by Charles E. Curry. All rights reserved. The first instalment appeared in *The Nation* of November 30, 1921.
[2] By Charles E. Curry, editor of the Diary.
[3] Findlay received an award for his services from the British Government.
[4] There are over forty letters, preserved among Sir Roger's correspondence, from publishing houses that applied for the German copyright.

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incensed, protesting that he was not that; and he was hardly less so when others, trying to soften down the name, called him an Irish rebel. He did not like that either.

His measure of success with the Irish prisoners may be summed up in the answer he got from one very raw Irishman whom he asked whether he did not hate England. The Irishman's reply was: "Well, we may hate England but that does not make us love Germany!"

In Sir Roger's correspondence are many letters of Princess Blücher; for example of which only two need be given:

January 30, 1916

DEAR SIR ROGER:

G. [Gebhard, Prince Blücher] tells me you are going in for a long rest cure, which sounds a *very* wise thing to do, and I hope that it will really set you up again. He also tells me that you mean to continue to write articles and so I am going to ask if you will do something for me—*if you feel inclined,* and if your doctor allows you to do a certain amount of writing each week. It is the following. I am writing a Journal of "My Memoirs" (or my ideas) during the war. I have done it on and off ever since I left England—and a friend writes bits of it—and my idea is to try and show there is a good and bad on both sides—and I try to be as neutral as possible—of course when one has suffered like I have from the war—it is quite impossible to be genuinely neutral—but I write down my ideas now and again, but as I have not the power or gift of description you have, yet, although I have it all very clear in my mind, and more still, in my heart, yet I cannot write down my feelings properly and so I wondered whether, if I sent you some of my notes now and again you would embellish them and put a little more force and life into them.

I am not going to insult you by suggesting payment, but if parts of it are ever published you must take a percentage of whatever I get. I am not telling anyone but G. that I am keeping this Diary. Let me know what you think about it and I will then send you one of descriptions as a sample.

Yours sincerely,

(sgn) E. BLUECHER

February 5

DEAR SIR ROGER:

Please excuse my typing this, but my writing is so bad. Very many thanks for your letter, it interested me so much, and I am so glad you will help me with my Memoirs. I will send you a few bits on Monday or Tuesday, and please add bits everywhere, and improve upon it generally, and when you return that I will send you some more until you are tired of it, as I have bundles of it, in the same strain as this, and when I hear your opinion of this I will send you more personal bits, if I am not too shy to, but I get quite shy of my own Diary at times. Please do not show it to anyone, as it might be misunderstood.

What you say in your letter of yesterday is so true and I shall always put extracts like that in my Diary as I do from all interesting letters I get, from anyone here, as also from those I receive from England and it's most interesting to compare them.

Do always write on that subject of Peace and Good-will and doing away with hatred, and I shall often quote you and when those in England read my Diary in the years to come they will see that your errand here was after all to do good, not harm to humanity, and who knows, it may be the means of getting you invited back to, certainly Ireland, if not maybe, even England.[5]

I am so glad you are doing a thorough cure, you will probably be quite a different man after it and be able to enjoy life once more a bit.

I will send the manuscript addressed inside to you and outside to the doctor.

Yours sincerely,

(sgn) E. BLUECHER

[5] This part of the letter is typed, the rest written in pencil.

The "bits of manuscript" referred to in the above letter were evidently sent off two days later, with the following card-note (in pencil) inclosed:

Monday, *February 7th*

Please send it back *very soon.* I shall be dying of curiosity to know what you think of it. Please add a great deal, I shall be *very* disappointed if you do not.

Don't show it to anyone.

(sgn) E. B.

Sir Roger's letters to Christensen and to Dr. Chatterton Hill leave no doubt of his poverty in the midst of "German gold."

Hamburg, 14 Harvestehuder Weg, 14

MY DEAR ADLER:

Got your letter all right. . . . I like Hamburg much better than Berlin. . . . Now *don't* go and be foolish with the money—you will soon have not a cent! Remember one-twentieth of 4,000 marks is 200—and I gave you 250. If you spend the 20th part inside of a few days where will the whole be in two months? You are fearfully wasteful of money, my dear, faithful, old Adler—much more than I am even, because you buy things you don't need at all—like that raincoat and the gloves, etc. I have *no* gloves and you have about six pairs!—and face and complexion "blooms"! and God knows what. All you need is some healthy, good work to keep your mind occupied—and the sooner this Findlay scoundrel and his mentor Grey are polished off and done with the better.

I am writing again to the Norwegian Minister to say I wish to go to Norway with the least delay possible to have the matter dealt with.

I shall send the letter tomorrow.

Yours,

(sgn) R. C.

Dr. Chatterton Hill had written offering himself as an Irish propagandist in Europe or America, if adequately remunerated. Sir Roger replied to him as follows:

Berlin, 5 April, 1915

DEAR DR. HILL:

Your letter reveals a strange misapprehension on several points. The Irish in the States are *not* apathetic. . . . The difficulty is, as you say, one of funds. I have none. I sacrificed everything I possessed in this world in coming to Germany; I am here with no resources and penniless until the close of the war releases me to endeavor to earn my living. I cannot, therefore, help you. . . .

So far as I can see there is no *future* for your efforts in America. The Irish Cause is a penniless cause unless you enter to betray. Those faithful to it *always* met disaster. . . . *There is no living in being an Irish patriot.* It is *the* lost cause of history! Men can serve Ireland only by sacrificing themselves. You contemplate such a sacrifice, I am aware, and I respect you for it; but one of the fatalities of existence is that we are not always able to sacrifice ourselves—usefully at any rate—however bent on self-denial we may be. . . .

Yours very truly,

(sgn) ROGER CASEMENT

To Dr. Chatterton Hill
Elite Hotel
Berlin

The Nation's Irish Issue

announced for February 15 will be postponed in order to include important new material. Further announcement will be made later.

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A Partly Open Door to China

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, January 29

SINCE the intervention of Republican political and New York financial influence prevented the premature adjournment of the Conference there has been the formality of going through the ambitious agenda on Pacific and Far Eastern problems with which the Conference started. More than formality one cannot say; not by the most charitable construction can this be called serious weighing of the large questions involved. The agenda has two main headings: principles and application. Of principles we have heard a deal, of application we have had nil. But let it be accounted unto politics and big business for righteousness that there has not been the callous cynicism of tossing off the Far East altogether with a catch-all resolution or two.

When the Conference reconciled itself to transacting the business for which it was called there remained on the agenda the Open Door, equality of commercial and industrial opportunity; concessions, monopolies, and preferential economic privileges; development of railways, preferential railway rates, status of existing commitments—all applying to China of course. In addition there were Siberia and Shantung.

Now those headings comprehend every element of what has become the Far Eastern problem. They comprehend every subject of disagreement among the Powers and all the potential causes for war; they constitute an admirable statement of the business before an international conference designed to prevent war in the Far East.

The Open Door has been a subject of dispute for more than twenty years. Originally proclaimed by John Hay and accepted by all the great Powers, it has been honored only in the breach. Especially have the Japanese made sport of it since the World War gave them a free hand in the Far East, and it has been their persistent flouting of it that has intensified the situation in China. To make the Open Door a reality three successive courses of procedure are necessary. The first is to define it exactly, the second is to take up acts committed in the past in contravention of it and examine the validity of preferential positions obtained through those acts, the third is to give binding pledges to commit no more such acts in the future. The first the Powers evaded, the third they did with alacrity and customary fervor, for they have never been backward in making promises, but the second—that which is the real test of their sincerity—they resolutely opposed. What they did was to pledge themselves not to seek special areas of exclusive interest for themselves in China or support their nationals in obtaining them and also to set up an international board of reference to judge whether concessions obtained by any Power are in violation of this pledge. So what we have with respect to the Open Door is what we have always had, with two favorable modifications. First is the additional binding force that inheres in a declaration made not in semi-secret and ceremonial diplomatic exchanges but in an international gathering held under the eyes of the world; second is the machinery with the potential power of enforcing the doctrine. But the old injustices and the existing maladjustments, with all the evils flowing from them, remain.

Concessions, monopolies, and preferential economic privileges, the bone of contention for the whole Western world and between the Western world and Japan—these have been covered under the Open Door resolution. The future of existing concessions and monopolies and the question how long they are to run against China have been glossed. Railways over which diplomatic warfare has been fought for decades in China and physical warfare threatened are disposed of in similar resolutions.

When the Conference came to the status of existing commitments it had yet another opportunity to demonstrate its desire to go to the roots of conflict in China and eradicate them. Here again it has recorded only a general desire to do so, though even this much is unprecedented and clear gain. The Powers have agreed to submit to the Board of Reference on the Open Door all treaties and contracts on which they base claims against China or rights existing in China. The resolution has numerous loopholes for evasion, such as the ambiguity as to ability to produce contracts made by private interests, a point significantly raised by Japan. Also there is about it too much that is optional. But it does offer a means of clearing the old thicket of conflicting claims, and faithfully observed, it will make impossible secret application of pressure on the Chinese Government for concession grabs as in the past. All this, however, though good in itself, is in the realm of principle. Application is postponed to the future, which leaves expectation sadly thinned, for there has been no evidence in this Conference that the future is not to be judged by the past. Of Siberia the less said the better. By making its statement first Japan left Mr. Hughes no choice but acceptance or challenge, and challenge under the circumstances meant to recede or fight. The Japanese promised, in a word, to evacuate Siberia when conditions permitted. They have said that repeatedly while proceeding with the consolidation of their position. Even under the diplomatic disadvantage Mr. Hughes might yet have asked for a definite statement of what conditions would be regarded as warranting withdrawal. He did not do so. Judging the Japanese by their past actions in Siberia, all logic dictates the assumption that Japan can be relied on to create conditions that will make impossible withdrawal.

As I write, Shantung is on the verge of settlement, with China yielding on what the American delegation calls the infinitesimal difference separating China and Japan. The infinitesimal difference is whether Japan shall have the traffic manager of the Shantung railway. On that Japan is adamant. It wants the traffic manager because that means control of the railway and that means control of the province and that means control of North China. This is the infinitesimal difference on which the Chinese have been firm for three years, firm until at this Conference they were lured into the separate negotiations they had steadfastly refused to enter at home, doing so because of their faith in America. Now when the infinitesimal difference separates them, as it always has, they are pounded by every official American influence to yield—they are not the Japanese. And now after all the Republican furore over Shantung we have President Harding, who as Senator Harding in 1919 inveighed against the Versailles award on Shantung as the rape of China, persuading China in 1921 to voluntary assignation and voluntary permanent liaison. It is an ugly chapter in American diplomacy.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter shivers, and hitches his chair a bit closer to the steam radiator. Pictures of ski-parties in the Sunday supplements stir him not a whit. His throat is sore, his chest is tight, his feet are cold, and he feels old. So old that he becomes reminiscent, and wonders whether the trouble with him affects all who live in steam-heated houses with a colored janitor to clean the sidewalks and carry out the ashes. The Drifter grew up in a smaller city where men tended their own furnaces and cleaned their own sidewalks, where there was more snow and a longer stretch of sidewalk than 24-foot New York houses boast. His apprenticeship at the furnace began with the bed-time task of cleaning out the ashes, and expanded into more and dirtier tasks as his trousers lengthened. All the neighbors and the neighbors' sons in that vigorous age and city were busy, long before the hour when the Drifter now sleepily starts his bath, shoveling a long broad pathway down the snow canyon of the main walk, and a narrow pathway to the back door, and digging out the gutter at the curbstone in case of sudden thaw, whistling and shouting merrily while clouds of steam eddied from beneath their stocking-caps. No leather gloves in those days: warm wool mittens. No long flapping overcoats: the vigor of the task was warmth enough. On Saturdays the Drifter and his friends would attach precious smoke-blacked lard-pails to their belts, with bread and bacon and rice and tea inside, and hike off in their stalwart boots across snowy fields, or skate out along the canal-bed, for the sheer joy of life in the cold open air, stopping at noon to build a fire and dry wet mitts and boots in some hemlock-sheltered nook.

* * * * *

THAT was a long time ago. There was a later period when the Drifter relished sleeping in the woods when the thermometer had slunk down around the zero mark. It all seems very far away from the comfortable steam radiator which is the Drifter's solace as he writes. Is it just age and a cold, or is it life in the "civilized" city, with running hot water, steam heat, subways, and janitors?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Is the Matter with the Colleges?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My alma mater, Bryn Mawr College, is in the throes of selecting a new president. Shall the new president be selected for her academic standing? For her executive and administrative ability? Shall she of necessity be a Bryn Mawr alumna? Is a man unthinkable? These are the questions that are preoccupying everybody. I listen in vain for anyone even to mention what is to my mind the most essential characteristic for a college president to possess.

In the early days of the college, in the eighties, our present retiring president, Miss M. Carey Thomas, demonstrated to an unusual degree the qualification which no one mentions today in connection with the selection of her successor. I am referring to what, for lack of a better term, I should call constructive imagination, that is, the ability to grasp, before it fairly appears over the horizon, the significance of whatever new and vital is psychologically ripe for the rising generation to take hold of and develop. Miss Thomas was one of that small band of zealots who forty years ago saw the need of giving women some of the privileges and responsibilities to which men are born. She has seen the fruition of her hopes. Women are voting today and are eligible to practically all of the educational advantages that men have. Both victories are due to the courage and mental grasp of Miss Thomas and her colleagues in the midst of a scoffing and inert generation. Younger women who enlisted cavalierly for these services after they had become powerful and popular have little understanding of the great qualities of heart and mind which it took to promote them in those early days. And the proof of this lies in the fact that they are not demanding those qualities in the new president.

What has become of that pioneer spirit? Where in Bryn Mawr College, where in the whole panorama of college and university life in America today among men as well as women, is the courage and mental grasp to see what that is new in a rapidly changing world needs championing and support?

I assume that the alumni of any college are the test of the institution; and I eagerly scan the pages of the alumnae publication from my college and inquire as eagerly among all those I meet to see into what, as a whole, we have chosen to put our trained energies. Both procedures reveal a record of most depressing orthodoxy. We Bryn Mawr alumnae tread the beaten ways with an undeviating submission to the great god expediency that leaves me wondering at the perfection of the intellectual sausage mill. I look over the personnel of those unorthodox movements today which are of great moment to large numbers of the human race—movements which can fairly be called analogous to the woman movement in the days of its unorthodoxy—and among their active workers and supporters I find but a small proportion of college graduates.

"But do you want to see all the Bryn Mawr girls become *radicals?*" and "How can you say the college is not radical enough when you consider the new summer school for working girls?" two people exclaim in chorus when I get this far.

No, I neither hope nor wish to see all the graduates of my college emerge as radicals. But any actuary knows, even if Vice-President Coolidge does not, that unless a reasonable rather than a negligible proportion of the graduates of the colleges turn to work on the liberal and radical movements, it indicates a gross indifference if not an actual hostility to these movements in the influences that have surrounded them as undergraduates. As for the summer school for working women at Bryn Mawr, did it grow spontaneously out of the college's unhappy consciousness of the bitter need of the workers in the shops and factories under its very nose? Alas, no. The idea was imported ready made from the Ruskin Labor College at Oxford which has emerged, vindicated, from its experimental era.

I am not going into the question of academic freedom. Any college can lay claim to it which has not actually had in its history a Nearing or a Beard episode. Few can prove title to it as effectually as Harvard can since President Lowell's courageous defense of Dean Pound and Dr. Frankfurter. Those who really want education are entitled to so much more than is involved in the mere retention by the authorities of a faculty that has been carefully hand-picked on entrance that it is idle to use the negative test of academic freedom.

I am frank to confess that I believe the finest spiritual as well as mental impetus flowing into American life today is filtered through the barriers that our crass materialism throws in the way of immigration. It does not emanate from the colleges and universities whose sole excuse for begging for support lies in laying claim to a value they do not demonstrate. In short, the colleges and universities today are not educating their students, if by "education" we mean the liberating and training of the mental faculties.

The colleges are a highly important factor in our social fabric. They are furthermore the only gateway to the professional schools. Are the radicals and liberals satisfied each to repudiate his own college experience and go on? Are they going to continue to leave the colleges to their own devices?

Washington, January 6 CONSTANCE LEUPP TODD

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The Better France

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At a time when France is standing for world-selfishness and petty nationalism, when in her fear of a crushed and bankrupt Germany her officials, in their insistence on reparation in the present and on arming in the future, refuse to be broad of mind or of heart, there comes an encouraging note in the form of two notices in the French Communist paper, *l'Humanité*. The first of these is an *ordre du jour* of the Federation of Working and Peasant Women, and runs as follows:

> The widows belonging to the Association Ouvrière des Mutilés, the widows and war orphans of the department of the Seine, protest with all their power against the perpetual crime which barbarous governments wish to maintain by the manufacture of munitions. They hope that the men who went to war can be made to realize immediately that they are more than odious if they are willing to continue to work for the destruction of their proletariat brothers of all countries. They must show their employers that labor will never stand for aught but good to humanity. The widows send a great appeal to all proletarian women, of whom many as a result of the terrible war are obliged to enter factories to assure their existence and that of their children. They are warned . . . against working in the fort d'Aubervilliers where poison gas is being made. To accept such a position is to become an accomplice in murder. Woman ought never to have and must never more lend herself to the monstrous work of killing. . . . A woman possessing a heart will never consent to work at munitions.

Following this strongly worded appeal is an equally forceful one from the Union des Syndicats de la Seine, which pleads for refusal to work in the manufacture of munitions: "You are asked to stop immediately all work which might lead more or less directly to help in a war."

New York, January 2 Jane Perry Clark

Women and Their Clothes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "That the use of feminine garments as frank aphrodisiacs has reached unheard-of proportions today is a commonplace and the current jest of every variety theater and every newspaper wit," says the critic on p. 574 of *The Nation* for November 16. Doubtless; for nobody expects from variety theaters and newspaper wits anything but the clichés of the shallowest ready-made cynicism. But when a man of culture echoes their voice, he might at least take notice that he is in bad company.

No enemy of the medical profession can deny that the recent advances in medical science have been accompanied by a marked statistical decrease in the death-rate. No anti-Malthusian can be so conservative as to deny that if the old-time birth-rate kept pace with the old-time death-rate, then a decreased death-rate must be accompanied by a decreased birth-rate or else the world will within a computable (and not even extremely distant) time have more people than can find standing-room on its surface. If there be any such thing as an automatic self-adjustment of such things, even in part, this adjustment must presumably operate by a decrease of the mating impulse. And daily observation shows us that with the increasing range of human interests, and with the increasing specialization which tends to concentrate each person's interests in a narrow and commonly technical sphere, the number of those who have not time to mate has increased. The statistical number of spinsters is proof; for as to the allegation which we sometimes hear, that the spinsters of our time are in general less truly celibate than those of the past, such an allegation shows simply that the man who makes it is ignorant of the past, as well as (in my judgment) of the mass of the spinsterhood of the present.

When the demand for mating is thus in every way decreasing, the result to be expected is that dress, among other things, will be governed less by the thought of its influence on the prospect of finding a mate. Now this means not only a lessening of such dress as is designed to attract attention for sexual purposes, but also a lessening of the attention paid to propriety. For propriety in dress is valued largely as an aid to getting a mate. If you do not believe it, listen to the defenders of propriety instructing the mutinous young: "The men (or the girls) won't think of marrying a girl (or a man) who doesn't dress modestly." That the original purpose of covering the skin with clothing at all was to stimulate the sexual impulses, not to damp them, is a commonplace not of variety theaters but of men of science.

Of course most people go mate-hunting, else the race would die out. And of course some people overdo it; and such people will turn to their account whatever opportunities are offered by whatever fashions may exist. It does not follow that they made the fashion. All facts that I can discover support the view that in the balance of forces acting on styles of dress the scale has in our day been turned by the increasing impulse toward emancipation from the preoccupation of mate-hunting, so that now we are seeing realized the specific proposals of the older generation of "dress-reformers" who in their time were never accused of aiming at attractiveness.

But "people will talk." Well, let 'em.

Steven T. Byington

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, November 29

The Jobless

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When this Disarmament Conference is over let us hope that the Powers will seriously take up the unemployment question. How can these fellers in warm snug homes with ten to fifty thousand dollar jobs, their limousines and fine dinners, how can they understand or realize what it means to tramp the streets in rain and cold job-hunting with the constant fear haunting you that you won't be able to raise the rent? If they only *understood* they would solve this problem for their own safety, as from my own observation and experience I know that we will have dangerous rioting and hell in general before winter is over. Why, even in this little town of 2,000 there are *300 men* out of work and I, with lots of other skilled mechanics, am glad to do day labor at from two to three dollars per day when we get it. With rents what they are, shoes still high, and coal $15 per ton, do you wonder at those Chicago rioters?

Mount Kisco, New York, December 30 Mechanic

To Save 10,000 Lives a Year

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is estimated on reliable authority that 15,000 persons were killed outright in the United States in 1921 by automobile accidents. The number of persons crippled for life, if ascertained, would probably be appalling. The majority of these accidents were caused by persons driving with excessive speed.

It is the obvious and acknowledged duty of a government to protect the lives of its citizens; and protection could be easily given, in this instance, by reducing the speed with which automobiles could be driven. Penalties for speeding have been tried and have failed. I propose, therefore, that speeding should be made impossible. This could be done, and, I believe, at least 10,000 lives a year could be saved, by passing a law that no automobile should be *manufactured or sold* for use upon the public roads which was capable of traveling at a greater speed than fifteen miles an hour. This would be faster than a pair of thoroughbred carriage horses can trot; and would be quite fast enough for all purposes of pleasure. Exceptions might be made for fire brigades and, possibly, for ambulances.

Jacksonville, Florida, January 16 Bertrand Shadwell

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International Relations Section

The Japanese in Siberia

THE documentary history of Japanese intervention in Siberia, printed below in an abridged form, has been published at Washington, D. C., by the Special Delegation of the Far Eastern Republic to the United States.

I

On December 30, 1917, a Japanese warship sailed into the port of Vladivostok . . . without any previous warning to the local authorities. At the same time the Japanese Consul General issued the following declaration to the chairman of the Maritime Province Zemstvo Board (regional self-government) and to the Mayor of Vladivostok:

The Imperial Japanese Government, in view of the fact that under existing circumstances the Japanese living in the city of Vladivostok and its environs are in constant fear, has decided to send a warship into the port of Vladivostok. This decision was made with no other purpose than that of defending Japanese subjects, which is a duty incumbent upon the Government. . . . The Imperial Government has . . . no intention whatsoever of meddling in the question of the political structure of Russia, which will be determined by the Russian people, and the object of the present expedition has no connection whatever with this question.

The sudden appearance of the Japanese . . . brought forth an immediate reply on the part of the Maritime Province Zemstvo Board . . . [protesting] against this measure as a violation of the sovereign rights of the Russian Republic. . . .

The defense of all persons is the first duty of the authorities installed by the Russian people, and we feel obliged to state that under their protection public order in the city of Vladivostok has not once been broken, and the appearance of reports in a number of newspapers published in Japan as to the alleged occurrence of disorders in Vladivostok are in no way in accordance with the truth, as is well known to all the foreign consuls stationed in this city. . . .

After receiving copies of the protest, the consuls of Great Britain and the United States sent to the Regional Government the following communication dated January 16, 1918:

The claim made in this declaration that public order has not been violated in Vladivostok up to the present we acknowledge as correct. On the other hand we consider the political situation at the present moment to be such as to cause feelings of uneasiness on the part of those countries having considerable material interests here as to the direction that might soon be taken by affairs in this region, which justify the governments of these countries, including Japan, to take such preliminary measures as they may consider fitted to cope with the problem of defending their interests in case the latter should actually be threatened with danger. . . .

This first illegal act of the Japanese Government, to the surprise of the Russian population, was supported by the English and American consuls. Soon there appeared in the port of Vladivostok a second Japanese vessel; a short time later came an English and an American cruiser. It was necessary to justify in some way the presence of these vessels in foreign waters and from this moment there began a veritable bombardment of the Zemstvo Board by the consular body. Every incident, of whatever significance (criminal offenses, for instance) . . . they brought to the attention of the Zemstvo authorities, as if they were something quite extraordinary . . . requiring foreign intervention. . . .

On April 5, 1918, the Provincial Government received a communication from the Japanese Consul General to the effect that, "in view of the absence of sufficient seeurity in the city to assure safety to foreign subjects," he was obliged to ask Admiral Kato to take suitable steps for the security of the life and property of foreign subjects. . . . At night a landing party of Japanese troops came ashore. The Zemstvo Board in an extraordinary session unanimously resolved to issue an emphatic protest against the landing of foreign troops. At noon on the following day an English landing party arrived. . . . [A correspondence followed between the foreign consular corps and the chairman of the Zemstvo Board, but] notwithstanding all protests, the foreign troops were allowed to remain in the city. . . . Meanwhile American and Chinese ships were added to those of Japan and England in the harbor. . . .

II

In June news began to arrive from Siberia of the overthrow of the Soviet Power by the Czecho-Slovaks, and on June 28 the Czecho-Slovaks gained control in Vladivostok and the environs. The military power was entirely in the hands of the Czech command and only the civil power, and that not fully, was held by the Zemstvo Board. On July 6 a proclamation addressed to the population by the Allies appeared on the advertising kiosks of the city, signed by the commander-in-chief of the Asiatic fleet of the United States, Admiral Knight; the commander of the special division of the Imperial Japanese fleet, Vice-Admiral Kato; Captain Paine of the Royal British fleet; the head of the French military mission with the Czecho-Slovak army, Col. Paris; the commander of the Chinese cruiser Hai-Yun; the commandant of the city, Captain Badiura, of the Czecho-Slovak army. This declaration ran as follows:

In view of the danger threatening Vladivostok and the Allied forces in that city by reason of the open and secret work of Austro-German prisoners of war, the city and its environs are hereby placed under the provisional protection of the Allied Powers and all measures will be taken for its defense both from external as well as internal danger.

All ordinances issued up to the present time by the Czecho-Slovak command shall remain in force.

The authority of the Zemstvo and of the city government is recognized in local affairs, but the military force and the police shall be strengthened by such numbers of Allied troops as may be found necessary for eliminating the danger threatening from Austro-German agents. . . . The present step is taken in a spirit of friendship and sympathy for the Russian people and not for any political faction or party. . . .

III

. . . The Japanese at this time were preparing a special Russian army which was to keep the civil war constantly aflame, to create a condition of perpetual uncertainty as to the morrow, and to undermine every Russian authority. . . .

At the head of these forces there were constantly available the bandits and murderers—the Cossack Atamans Semionov and Kalmykov, established on the highways and the railroad mainline, who robbed, tortured, and shot down the peaceful population. . . . And both Kalmykov and Semionov were in possession of great sums of money for the hiring of bandits among the Cossacks, former Czarist officers . . . ignorant natives of the Buriat and Mongolian tribes, as well as Chinese Khun-Khuses (bandits); they had weapons in great abundance, even machine-guns.

Meanwhile conversations were going on between the Allied governments on the subject of intervention on a large scale. At the time when the French and English were framing great plans for the renewal of the Russian participation in the war with Germany . . . the Americans gave evidence of a more sober view of things, particularly of the value of military intervention as a means to this end, and formulated the task of the American troops as the "guarding of supplies that might later be of assistance to the Russian troops and also the giving of aid such as the Russians would be ready to accept in the organization of their own self-defense." Only with this object, the United States declared, would they collaborate at the present time with the governments of France and Great Britain in the Murmansk and Archangel region on the one hand and "for the defense of the rear of the Czecho-Slovaks moving westward" on the other hand; but the latter was the more important consideration. . . .

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The Government of the United States did not, however, force its pessimistic view of intervention . . . upon the English and upon France, and in its declaration, cited above, it states that the "decisions taken by the Government of the United States . . . do not signify that it is the thought of the United States to restrict the actions of the governments with which we are . . . allied, or to meddle in their independent judgments." . . . By the beginning of August . . . the question as to active military intervention was settled, and the governments of the United States, Japan, Great Britain, France, Italy, and China—the latter was also dragged in—solemnly addressed the Russian people and explained to it their true intentions and promised that "Russian territory should be inviolate at the present and in the future"; "non-intervention in internal affairs"; and abstention from actions that might violate "the political sovereignty of Russia."

In their declaration of August 5, 1918, the United States assumed officially the political responsibility for the entrance of the Japanese troops. In that declaration the following words appeared, literally:

> The United States and Japan are the only Powers now able to act in Siberia with sufficient forces to carry out even those modest aims that have been indicated above. The Government of the United States has therefore proposed to Japan that each of these two governments send detachments of several thousand men to Vladivostok. These detachments should act as a sufficient force for the purpose of occupying Vladivostok and defending the Czecho-Slovaks in their western movement. The Japanese Government consented to this. . . .

The Japanese on the following day published a solemn declaration in which they made an almost identical statement:

> The Government confirms its declaration of its policy of respect for the territorial integrity of Russia and its abstention from any meddling in Russia's internal affairs and policies. In addition, it declares that immediately upon the realization of the above-mentioned aims [of "easing the situation of the Czecho-Slovak forces"] it will evacuate all its troops from Russian territory.

The English and French gave similar guaranties, although they, particularly the French, were already definitely committed to give "assistance" to anti-bolshevik elements in the interests of a "reconstruction of Russia" and her return to the fold of the Allies. . . .

IV

On August 11 the Twelfth Japanese Division landed at Vladivostok and on August 18 the commander-in-chief of the Japanese expeditionary forces, General Otani, with his staff, became the nominal head of all the Allied forces. In September American forces also began to arrive.

Meanwhile the Czechs were moving in an easterly direction, everywhere overthrowing the Siberian Soviet authorities, which they took by surprise, and preparing the way for the arrival of the Allies. The Japanese troops were moving westward into Transbaikalia and beyond, taking possession of the railroad, creating a western basis for themselves in Chita, in which city the Third Division arrived at the end of December. . . . Semionov, following upon the Japanese, got as far as Chita and settled down on the main line of the Transbaikal Railroad.

And then, coming immediately after the Czechs and Japanese, who had turned their attention to Khabarovsk in the middle of August, Ataman Kalmykov . . . penetrated to the Khabarovsk front, where, together with the Japanese, Czechs, and English (the Japanese were in the majority) he participated in the offensive against the hastily organized forces of the Soviet of Workers and Peasants, which were defending Khabarovsk. After the evacuation of the Soviet army, the Japanese, together with Kalmykov, entered the city of Khabarovsk on August 16, and established themselves there. The Soviet troops retreated to Blagovyeshchensk, to which the Japanese directed a portion of their forces. On September 18, the Japanese entered the city and on September 24 also entered Zeya. . . . The Fourteenth Japanese Division was assigned to the Amur district and soon arrived there.

V

A very curious feature of the Japanese policy . . . at once made itself apparent: wherever they came . . . they had behind them "Russian troops" and "the Russian people," impersonated by the most desperate bandits and military criminal elements, who were in Japanese pay. . . . To other foreigners living in that region the picture became one of uninterrupted civil war and disorder, requiring the presence of foreign troops and permitting the Japanese forces under these circumstances to appear as the "benefactors" of the peaceful Russian population. After the first weeks of the joint occupation of Russian territory by Allied troops, differences between the Americans and the Japanese became quickly apparent. The latter quite openly declared their intention to hold the railroad in their own hands. These differences led to a Japanese-American agreement in February, 1919, which was reached after long preliminaries, and to an agreement between the Allies, of March 14, 1919, by virtue of which there was formed an Inter-Allied Railroad Commission, which took it upon itself to "guard the railroad." (The Chinese Eastern, the Usuri, and the Siberian Railroads are meant.) In the declaration, point 5 stated: "The application of the present agreement shall cease with the recall of foreign troops from Siberia, and all foreign specialists on the railroad will also then be immediately recalled." . . . The Japanese were obliged to yield the supreme technical management of the railroads to the Americans, who had arrived in Siberia even before the fall of the Kerensky Government. . . .

VI

In this manner the Japanese, uninterruptedly enlarging the zone occupied by their army . . . were permanently settled in the Maritime Province, in the Amur region, in Transbaikalia, and were moving into the province of Irkutsk and to the west of that province, with as yet small forces.

But this was not sufficient for them. On the basis of a military agreement [with China] in August, 1918 . . . the Japanese obtained the legal right to establish themselves on the Chinese Eastern Railroad and to assume the guardianship of the road, and made use of their sojourn there (they held the Chinese Eastern Railway for about two years) to consolidate themselves firmly throughout Northern Manchuria. . . .

VII

While the Japanese hirelings, Semionov and Kalmykov . . . were robbing, pillaging, and murdering the peaceful population, the Japanese were deluging all the villages. . . . Simultaneously, the Japanese organized the Chinese Khun-Khuzes (bandits) . . . and together with them engaged in a complete terrorization of the Russian Far East, both in a military and in an economic way. Everywhere they demanded from the Volost Zemstvo Boards information as to the number of inhabitants in the Volost, the number of lands of the various categories, cattle, fowl, etc. . . .

In order to describe more concretely the actions of the Japanese in 1918 and 1919 (which actions continue to the present day), it is interesting to quote extracts from some of the numerous resolutions of the village communities. The peasants, observing the powerlessness of the Russian authorities, in their simplicity often resolved to appeal to the "American" and "Chinese" consuls in Vladivostok for aid and protection:

> In view of the present condition of affairs, when Japanese troops are quartered in Ivanovka (a village of the county of Nikolsk-Usuriisk, Maritime Province), and of their attitude toward the inhabitants of the village, particularly the attitude of the interpreter of the Japanese command, a Korean, we have resolved to appeal in the present document to the American and Chinese consuls in the city of Vladivostok with the request to relieve the peaceful population of the violations imposed upon it by Japanese troops, since, we repeat, it is impossible for the population even to live in peace, and it will be obliged to leave its homes and escape to wherever it can.
>
> Here are several facts proving the above statement. The Japanese soldiers, without any cause or reason, killed ten pigs, de-

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stroyed a number of gardens, obtained by force and by threatening with weapons, produce, particularly eggs, fowl, etc., and where such was not forthcoming, beat up the farmers. They beat a number of truckmen, when their horses, pulling a heavy load, did not succeed in keeping up with other horses which were stronger. The inhabitants of Ivanovka have been taken away from their regular occupations and are now occupied chiefly in transporting Japanese troops and their supplies; the Japanese soldiers and their Korean drivers beat up the inhabitants of the village, men and women as well as children, frequently using their weapons for the purpose. In the last few days, there were beaten up Daniel Romanchenko, 52 years of age; Titus Gerasimenko, 47 years old; the citizen of Ivanovka, Varava, 84 years old, was killed; Nikonor Troyan, 16 years old, was killed by drowning; and finally the village head, Yurchenko, 60 years old, was killed while in the performance of his duties. Signed, October 7, 1919, by the true signatures of 29 citizens of the village of Ivanovka.

These are not isolated facts, but represent a system then practiced and now still practiced by the Japanese. We quote below a number of documents giving information that was gathered by the local authorities. [Five more depositions here follow.]

VIII

Murderers and criminal elements who escaped the local authorities always found protection in the Japanese staff. . . . We introduce a copy of a telegram, number 98 of the Nikolsk authorities, dated September 8, 1920:

I arrested on this day Karl Belyayev, who in Spassk murdered Andreyev, Kustovinov, and Kalinichenko (three representatives of the Zemstvo Board authorities, who later turned out to have been burned by White Guards in the furnace of their locomotive). The local Japanese command freed the prisoner and took him under its protection, depriving me of the right to arrest him, Belyayev, as a criminal offender. This intercession of the local Japanese authorities in favor of criminal persons is not the first case. I urgently request the punishment of illegal acts of intervention on the part of the Japanese command in the business of the Russian authorities.

Urgent. (Signed) SOLOGUBENKO.

IX

Returning to the general Allied intervention, aside from that of the Japanese, we must distinguish between two policies: the Anglo-French policy and the American policy, or, the active and the passive policy.

France and England . . . intended to make use of the situation to wage a cruel and bloody war against the Soviet Power, and understood . . . that this determined struggle . . . would have to be carried on, not by democrats but only by irreconcilable monarchists and the remnants of the bourgeois-feudal Russia. . . .

When, after the Czecho-Slovak revolt, the moderate democratic elements and a portion of the Right Socialists set up their power in the provinces, and after the Ufa Conference of the members of the Constituent Assembly created the Directorate in Omsk, the center of Siberia, and when simultaneously the monarchist elements, with foreign support, became strong enough to bring about a coup d'etat and to overthrow the Directorate, the English and the French, who had already been in sympathy with them and given them support, were doing their best to bring about the success of an extremely reactionary administration—the rule of Admiral Kolchak.

What Kalmykov was doing in Khabarovsk, and Semionov in Chita, became the rule all over Siberia as soon as this new Power . . . was strengthened; whipping, shootings of carloads of people with machine-guns; treacherous assassination of all the elements that were more or less democratically inclined . . . became a "normal" condition for the Siberian population.

X

But even then . . . Japanese policy did not lose its originality.

With its own problems in view and with such an excellent opportunity to come in "by invitation," Japan could not allow any other Power, not even a kindred monarchy, to fortify itself there. . . . For this purpose, as was pointed out, Semionov and Kalmykov were called into existence, and were kept at different places, both to be used for the same job. At the moment they were to weaken the Central Omsk Government, to hinder its work. At the same time the Omsk Government was made use of in every possible way—its gold reserve was drained, its cotton, iron, copper, etc., were exported for next to nothing.

At last the entire population, including many anti-Bolsheviks, in despair took to arms and, hiding in outlying woods, began a guerrilla warfare with the reactionary and criminal power imposed on them from outside.

XI

At the same time Kolchak's army, after serious clashes with the Red Army, began to thin out and retreated; the greater part, mostly peasants, went over to the Reds, the rest retreated or fled.

The Czecho-Slovaks, seeing the shameful part they had played, realizing that they were nothing but catspaws in the hands of reaction, began to demand immediate repatriation and refused to do further fighting. . . . The Allies, realizing the failure of military intervention . . . did not particularly detain the Czecho-Slovaks. Sufficient use had already been made of them.

The English, French, Czecho-Slovaks, Italians began to leave Russian territory. The counter-revolutionists were in despair and called to Japan as the "only" country that could save "Russia." . . . The fact that America, as represented by the commander of the American forces, William S. Graves, did not find it possible, remaining true to the declaration of August 6, 1918, to support actively the lawless regime of the various Kolchaks, Rozanovs, Ivanov-Rinovs, etc., brought about the hatred of these monarchist remnants toward Americans.

XII

Kolchak's rule was overthrown everywhere. . . . On January 31 General Rosanov, Kolchak's appointee, was overthrown in Vladivostok, and in February the same happened to Kolchak's administration on the Amur. . . .

XVI

At the end of March, 1920, the Japanese announced that they would not allow the Red troops to pass further east . . . declaring at the same time that they had nothing against the presence of local forces of the newly established local government in Verkhne-Udinsk, i.e., the Zemstvo Government of Pribaikalia. Thus, the Japanese attempted to establish by force a buffer zone between themselves and Soviet Russia.

XVII

On March 13 an agreement was concluded between the Czecho-Slovak forces—which had come to an understanding with the Red Army—and the Provisional Zemstvo Government of Pribaikalia, whereby the Government undertook to assist the Czechs in hastening their departure, to carry on no military actions in the territory of the railway line, and not to destroy the tracks during the transportation of Czecho-Slovak troops along the line. The Czechs on their part undertook to hand over . . . all railroad bridges and constructions in complete order and to carry away none of the military property of Kolchak's army. Together with the Czechs, Rumanian, Latvian, and Jugoslavian troops were also leaving.

XVIII

While the new democratic authorities were endeavoring to do everything possible to hasten the departure of the Czechs, the Japanese and their proteges, the Semionov forces, were using all possible means to hamper their movement along the Transbaikal and Chinese Eastern Railways. On April 14, 1920, the Inter-Allied Technical Board made a vigorous protest against the actions of the Japanese and the Semionov forces, while the Inter-Allied Railway Committee was forced to send its representative, Mr. Smith, an American, to Transbaikalia to find out

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why the evacuation of the Czecho-Slovaks was being held up. As a result of his report . . . all the representatives of the Inter-Allied Committee, with the exception of the Japanese, decided to send to their respective governments an identical telegram, . . . Paragraph 3 . . . says:

> The Japanese military forces, by placing Japanese detachments at such points of the Chinese Eastern Railway which in accordance with an Inter-Allied agreement must be guarded by Chinese troops, and also by permitting their troops to interfere in railroad matters, have caused conflicts, the consequences of which have been unnecessary victims among Russian, Chinese, and Czecho-Slovak citizens, and the movement of trains has suffered. . . .

The evacuation continued normally. The Americans announced the forthcoming evacuation of their troops.

XIX

On March 2, 1920, the Provisional Government of the Maritime Zemstvo Board handed to Count Matsudaira, counselor of the Japanese Diplomatic Mission in Siberia, a note for transmission to the Japanese Imperial Government. This note pointed out that with the downfall of the Kolchak forces, order was established everywhere and civil war ended, that every assistance was being rendered in the matter of evacuating the Czecho-Slovaks, and that there was, therefore, no further reason for continuing the intervention which was so obnoxious to the population. The note further stated that . . . while some of the Allies withdrew, and others were preparing to withdraw, the Japanese Government increased its forces to 70,000. The note continued:

> This last circumstance defines the responsible role played by the Japanese Government in continuing and even increasing the intervention, which now assumes the character of a single-handed forcible action against the will of the people. . . .

The note concluded with two demands: (1) To complete the announced evacuation of the Amur province, and (2) to commence immediately a new and rapid evacuation of the territory of the Russian Far East by the Japanese forces. The Japanese did not answer, and at the same time announced to the outer world that the situation of the Czecho-Slovak forces held up their evacuation.

XX

On March 8, 1920, the Provisional Government addressed a request to the diplomatic representative of Czecho-Slovakia in Siberia in which . . . information was asked as to "whether the successful evacuation of Czech troops, in spite of all the necessary measures in this direction taken by the Provisional Government, actually depended upon the presence and constant increase of Japanese troops on the territory of our Far East."

To this, on March 10, Dr. Girsa, Plenipotentiary Minister of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, replied the following: "The difficulties in evacuating the Czecho-Slovak troops at first met with on the part of the Soviet Government in the region west of Irkutsk have been removed by mutual agreement between Czecho-Slovak and Soviet troops"; "that in the Far East there were no obstacles placed on the way, but, on the contrary, every possible assistance was rendered everywhere," for which he considered it his duty to express his thanks. . . .

XXI

On March 27 the Provisional Government handed in a memorandum setting forth the Japanese atrocities against the Russian people—arrests, murders, incendiarism.

As long as the Japanese were carrying out their policy along the railway line, before the eyes of all the world, they tried to mask their intentions. But in a far away corner on the Pacific Coast, in Nikolaievsk on the Amur, which was cut off from the seat of the government and from the rest of the population, the Japanese acted quite openly. There . . . the Russian population could be trampled upon without any constraint. . . . There were no Czecho-Slovaks in Nikolaievsk on the Amur to be saved; by reason of the geographic position of Nikolaievsk there could be no danger to Manchuria; furthermore, the Russians and the Japanese had always lived there at peace with each other. And nevertheless soldiers were sent there, several hundreds of them.

As everywhere else, the population of Nikolaievsk was fighting the Kolchak and Semionov forces, and as everywhere else, too, the Japanese supported the latter against the population. When the news of the complete rout of Kolchak reached Nikolaievsk, the local partisan detachment, which had kept up the fight with the White Guards whom the Japanese held completely under their sway, captured the local fortress Chnyriakh and, after besieging the town for a month, thrice asked them to surrender, proposing to the Japanese to cease their armed intervention. . . . The first peaceful offer was ignored by the Japanese. Sorokin, the truce-bearer sent by the partisan forces, was killed. The second offer was carried to the Japanese in Nikolaievsk by three truce bearers, two Chinese and one Russian (Orlov); instead of giving an answer, the Japanese again killed the Russian truce-bearer, after submitting him to horrible tortures. His eyes were gouged out, his nose and toes burned, and his back cut up. His body was afterwards disinterred, when the partisans entered the city, and in the presence of foreign representatives an autopsy was performed in order to prove the act of atrocity committed by the Japanese and the manner in which the latter adhere to rules of truce. The third offer was made after the Japanese handed to the partisans the declaration of General Siramidsu, commander of the Japanese forces in Khabarovsk, to the effect that it was the intention of the Japanese to remain neutral in the future. The offer was accompanied by . . . a notification that should the besieged refuse to surrender, the partisans would be forced to bombard the city. No answer came; and only after a day's bombardment the Japanese sent a truce-bearer, an old Russian peasant.

There was no written offer from the Japanese; verbally the messenger explained that they would like to commence peace negotiations. The staff of the partisan forces handed the messenger its answer agreeing to such peace negotiations with an offer immediately to cease military activities and asking the Japanese to send representatives to begin negotiations on February 24. On the basis of General Siramidsu's declaration, the Japanese were asked to cease military activities and to surrender the city on the following conditions: (1) Unconditional fulfilment by the Japanese command of General Siramidsu's declaration regarding non-interference in internal affairs; (2) complete disarming of the White Guard garrison in Nikolaievsk; . . . (3) until the entry into the city of the partisan forces and until all strategic points would be occupied by them, these were to be held by Japanese; (4) upon fulfilment of above, the Japanese forces were to surrender all sentries to the partisan forces and to retreat to quarters assigned to them. The question of quarters was to be decided by the Japanese and the Russian (partisan) commands by mutual consent. The conditions were accepted, peace was signed by representatives of the Japanese command, of the White Guards, of the city administration, and of the partisans. On February 29 the partisans entered the city and the White Guards gave up their arms: 300 rifles, four 3-inch guns with shells, and three projectors. Several of their leaders, fearing court martial, committed suicide. The leading counter-revolutionists and all the White Guard officers were arrested. . . . The Japanese walked freely around the city, armed. The relations were most friendly. . . .

Two weeks passed from the day when the city was occupied and peace and quiet seemed to have been securely established. As before, the Japanese had sentries posted not only near their headquarters but almost near every house where the Japanese were stationed. Japanese patrols walked around the city freely.

At 3 o'clock in the night of March 12 a detachment of Japanese soldiers stationed in the city, contrary to the truce agreement concluded with the partisans, quite suddenly surrounded

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and besieged the headquarters of the partisan army, the artillery positions, and the barracks, and simultaneously opened fire at all these points. The main attack was made on the headquarters, at which the Japanese directed a barrage fire of rifles, machine-guns, and incendiary bombs which set ablaze the building from all sides. In the building at the time were present Triapitsyn, commander of the partisan army; Naumov, chief of the staff, and others. Also a number of employees and their children. The commander succeeded in sending a telephone message to the Chnyrakh fortress and to the central military telephone station. After that the wires were cut. Escape from the burning building surrounded by the Japanese, who did not stop firing for a second, was impossible, and those inside began to suffocate in the smoke. The commander and many others were wounded, two were killed. To remain in the building any longer was impossible. It was decided to leave and to make a dash for the next building. This was done. In running across almost every one was wounded, including Triapitsyn, who was wounded for the second time; four were killed. The secretary, Cherny, and three other employees perished in the burning building. The house to which they escaped was also under constant fire; in spite of the suddenness of the attack, the partisans began to gather, donning their clothes on the run, forming into units and starting to repulse the attack; the 3rd company was the first to approach the headquarters in chain formation. Under their rifle fire the Japanese began to retreat. The battle lasted incessantly for two days (March 13 and 14). . . . The Japanese concentrated their main forces in their consulate, in the barracks and garrison quarters. The Japanese civil population took part in the attack, arms in hand. Toward the evening of March 14 the affair was almost finished with the exception of one Japanese detachment which occupied the brick barracks. Just then an order came from General Yamada, commander of the Japanese forces in Khabarovsk, to the commander of the Japanese detachment, immediately to cease hostilities and to conclude a truce. The order was transmitted to the Japanese through a captured interpreter. The Japanese agreed to cease hostilities and to give up their arms. At noon of March 15 the Japanese remaining in the barracks hoisted a white flag and surrendered, 130 of them, who were taken prisoner.

Of the partisans, 50 were dead and more than 100 wounded.

These are, in short, the main features of the events of Nikolaievsk. . . . When the partisans learned of a new movement of Japanese "reinforcements" coming up from Alexandrovsk in Sakhalin, with the usual trail of cruelties, and knowing from past experience what awaited them upon the arrival of these reinforcements, they decided to leave the city and in their exasperation they killed the remaining Japanese in revenge for the execution of partisans then going on in Sakhalin.

The frenzied partisan leaders did not spare even the Russian population. But they were punished by the partisans themselves after their retreat from Nikolaievsk which was occupied by the Japanese. They were arrested for the crimes committed and sentenced to be executed. The sentence was carried out. . . .

The Japanese military party was up in arms. "The souls of the dead" of Nikolaievsk cried for vengeance and went so far as to cause the seizure of the Sakhalin territory. The Japanese Government sent a further punitive expedition to Nikolaievsk to complete the work begun. The majority of the remaining Russian population was transferred to Vladivostok, and Nikolaievsk was occupied by the Japanese. . . .

XXII

True to their declaration, and hoping that the Japanese, upon their official invitation, would also leave the country, the Americans withdrew and evacuated their troops.

The withdrawal of the Americans made it necessary for the Japanese to explain themselves, and on March 31 they issued he following short but significant declaration:

The expedition of our forces to Siberia was undertaken with a view to assisting the Czecho-Slovak troops. Therefore when the evacuation of the latter has been completed, our forces shall be withdrawn. This was definitely stated at the time in our declaration. But no other country is in such proximity to Siberia as our empire. Unfortunately, the present political situation in the Far East which not only threatens the safety and life of our citizens residing in Siberia, but is also a menace to the general peace in Korea and Manchuria, makes it impossible for us to withdraw our troops from the Russian Far East immediately. The Japanese Government, therefore, desires to corroborate its statement that the *presence of the Japanese forces in the Russian Far East does not imply any political designs against Russia* and desires to declare that as soon as the political situation in the Russian Far East has become normal to the extent that there will be no danger for Korea and Manchuria, and life and property of our nationals protected, and normal railway communication restored, that then, after the evacuation of the Czecho-Slovak forces has been completed, *our troops will be withdrawn from Siberia as early as possible.*" (Italics in the original.) . . .

[The Japanese] continued their activity . . . for the sole purpose of provoking similar occurrences [to those at Nikolaievsk] to afford an unfailing excuse for carrying out the long-prepared plan of seizure of . . . the Russian Far East. It was necessary to prove to the world that the situation in the Far East still required the presence of Japanese troops there.

Taking an extremely provocative attitude . . . the Japanese, on the night of April 4, suddenly advanced along the entire coast of the Maritime Province, carrying out a veritable massacre. . . . They made no distinction between men, women, and children. The building of the Provincial Zemstvo Board, the headquarters of the Maritime Government, was destroyed . . . and all records taken; on all government buildings Japanese flags were hoisted. Thousands of people were arrested and . . . subjected to torture. The number of people who were shot or who disappeared without leaving any trace was enormous. The troops and the militia were disarmed. . . .

The Maritime Government, which had barely found refuge under the Czech general staff, issued a protest to all representatives of the Allied Powers at Vladivostok.

At a special conference of all Allied representatives the Japanese hastened to declare that their advance should not be interpreted as an "occupation" but only as a "self-defense"; that the Japanese flags that were flying over the government buildings were only in conformity with the military custom. . . .

The Maritime Government . . . again convened in the building of the Provincial Zemstvo Board, and the Japanese flags were removed.

These events were particularly unexpected in view of the negotiations which were in progress on the afternoon of April 4 between the Japanese and the Maritime Government concerning a series of demands submitted on behalf of the Japanese Government by General Takayanagi.

With regard to the declaration made by our Imperial Government concerning the presence of our troops in Siberia, the commander of the Japanese forces in Siberia authorizes me to conduct negotiations with the representatives of the military authorities of the Provisional Government of the Maritime Province with a view to establishing friendly relations and avoiding conflicts which may . . . arise . . . regarding the presence of our troops in the Maritime Province.

In order to enter into negotiations, I on my part have the honor to state to you the terms to be submitted to the Provincial Government, and to beg your reply. These terms are as follows:

1. To take care of our troops, providing them with quarters, food, means of transportation, mail privileges, etc.

2. To obey all the regulations contained in the agreement concluded between our Government or our command on the one hand and the Russian authorities on the other hand, on the basis of the agreement concluded between the Allied Powers. . . .

3. Not to arrest without our knowledge or restrict the liberty of persons who actively aided our military operations.

4. To cease all the activities of secret organizations and groups menacing the safety of our troops and the public peace in Korea and Manchuria.

5. Not to publish articles and provocative attacks against our troops and our Government.

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6. To exert all efforts in order to insure the safety of life, property, and other rights of our subjects in this region, including the Koreans.

(Signed) GENERAL TAKAYANAGI.

. . . The Government of the Maritime Province agreed to consider these demands, and created for this purpose a Russo-Japanese Adjustment Commission. . . . This Commission was to meet with the Japanese on the following day, and at night—the Japanese launched an attack upon the entire Maritime Province. On the morning of April 5 the following proclamation, signed by the commander of the Japanese forces in Siberia, General Oi, was posted on the streets of Vladivostok:

Citizens, on the basis of the declaration made by the Japanese Government on March 31 of this year, the Japanese command has been conducting negotiations since April 2 with the representatives of the Russian authorities regarding the peaceful solution of the question of the presence of the Japanese forces in the Province. Suddenly, on the night of April 4-5, Russian armed groups attacked our munition stores, garages, and transfer stations, and also fired, in several places, at our outposts. In view of these illegal acts, and in order to avoid the danger which is threatening from armed Russian detachments, the Japanese command is compelled to demand the disarming of these detachments. In this case, the Japanese command, not pursuing any aims of its own, cannot allow further disorders, and will therefore take measures after negotiations with the Russian authorities.

The Provisional Government sent notes of protest to the Japanese Government and to the Inter-Allied Diplomatic Conference, categorically denying the statement made by General Oi, and demanding the restoration of the normal status.

XXIII

The Diplomatic Representative of Japan in Siberia, Mr. Matsudaira, . . . declared in an interview that the Japanese were acting in accordance with an agreement with all the Allies. The Russian press naturally was much disturbed, and as a result the American consul made public, on May 12, the following telegram of the American Government:

In connection with the comments on the interview with Matsudaira regarding the question of the policy of Japan in Siberia, which appeared in the press a few days ago, it is desirable to give publicity to the fact that no agreement was made nor discussion thereof regarding the zone of the Chinese Far Eastern Railroad was entered into on the part of the United States since the Inter-Allied Agreement concluded in 1919, in accordance with which the Inter-Allied Railroad Commission and the Inter-Allied Technical Board were formed, and Allied military aid for the protection of Russian roads was granted. . . .

XXIV

After long negotiations and under pressure on the part of the Japanese, while armed clashes were going on in the region, the Japanese forced the acceptance of their project of an agreement of April 4, which was accepted almost entirely. The Provisional Government succeeded in inserting insignificant corrections only. And on the basis of this agreement, referred to as the agreement of April 5, there was concluded a new agreement on April 29 of the same year, according to which, in the territory occupied by the Japanese troops, the Russians were not allowed to station their troops within a zone of 30 kilometers on either side of the railroad. The railroad of course was seized by the Japanese.

XXV

In the meantime an energetic [effort was being made] . . . to unite the entire territory of the Russian Far East and to overcome all Japanese . . . repressions. . . . On April 6, 1920, there assembled in Verkhne-Udinsk, the center of the Zemstvo Government of Pribaikalia, the conference of the working population of Pribaikalia, which proclaimed the independence of the Far East and the formation of a Democratic Republic of the Far East.

The declaration was communicated to the Government of Soviet Russia and to the governments of all Allied countries. . . .

But . . . the appeal of the newly elected Government . . . was answered only by the Government of Soviet Russia. On May 14, Chicherin, Commissar of Foreign Affairs, communicated that the independence of the Far Eastern Democratic Republic was recognized by the Russian Soviet Republic.

XXVI

Almost simultaneously, . . . apparently as an answer to the declaration of independence of the Far East, was published the declaration of General Oi.

Now that the transport of the Czecho-Slovak troops is nearing its end, I declare frankly that the Japanese Military Command will gladly withdraw its troops as soon as the situation of the Russian possessions in the Far East is firmly established, as soon as any possibility of a menace to Korea and Manchuria is eliminated, and the safety of life and property of the Japanese population in the country is assured.

The Japanese command, taking into consideration the will of the Russian population, does not intend to complicate the political situation of the territory by giving its support to individual Russians without regard to the will of the Russian people.

The Japanese command, together with the Russian population, heartily welcomes the formation of an autonomous territory composed of the regions of the Far East, and the institution of such a political system of government as will correspond to the will of the entire population.

The bestialities of the Russian troops, which occurred not so long ago in Nikolaievsk on the Amur, evoke in my heart a sentiment of deep grief. . . . This offense, which is beyond description, made a deep impression on the Japanese people, wherefore it is self-evident that this question requires a separate settlement.

XXVII

The declaration of General Oi, of May 14, was answered by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Verkhne-Udinsk.

By an agreement with Soviet Russia, our Government, on the very day of the occupation of Verkhne-Udinsk by our troops, arranged for a neutral zone, which is requested in the declaration. The Red Soviet Army stopped its advance west of the Selenga River. . . . Our Government and our command have taken all the necessary steps for avoiding clashes with the Japanese vanguard. . . . I am empowered to announce that in order to speed the satisfactory solution of this question our Government is ready to discontinue military activities against our internal enemies, on the condition, however, that the Japanese troops will exert pressure on the reactionary bands, forcing them to lay down their arms and to cease any armed attacks against the People's Revolutionary Army.

It is quite superfluous to insist upon the fact that our Government, whose aim is peace and unity, warmly and gladly welcomes the proposal of the Japanese command, and is ready to meet its representatives at an arranged time and place for a final and speedy settlement of all problems.

On May 31, the Verkhne-Udinsk Government published a new address to all Allied countries in which was announced the creation of the Far Eastern Republic, and their attention was called . . . to the conditions . . . necessary for the final establishment of peace and order in the Russian Far East.

1. That the Red Army of the All-Russian Soviet Government should cease its eastward advance at a certain established point (at that time this condition was already fulfilled).

2. That the foreign governments, especially the expeditionary forces of Japan, should not give any help or support to the remainders of the reactionary forces that are concentrated in Chita.

3. That the road to Chita should be open, so that it might be possible to unite the province of Transbaikalia with the other Far Eastern provinces.

4. That friendly economic relations should be immediately established between our Republic and the Allied countries, for their mutual welfare.

5. That all the foreign expeditionary troops should leave the country, thus affording a possibility for commercial and industrial pursuits. . . .

[*To be concluded next week.*]

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by Ignace J. Paderewski

"THE supreme qualities of the Steinway piano have been for many years universally recognized. Musicians and the musical public have long regarded it as the standard of perfection. It would seem from this that the summit had been reached, for with the attainment of perfection progress is stopped. And yet, in the case of the Steinway, this law of nature seems to have been defied. I feel obliged to declare, upon revisiting Steinway Hall after an absence of many years, and I do most emphatically declare, that an astonishing progress has been achieved. To the former qualities, now magnified and intensified, an entirely new quality has been added, one which once was considered almost incompatible with the character of tone—an easy, light, surprisingly agreeable action. Another thing—I have tested a very large number of Steinway Concert Grands, and I have not been able to choose any one of them as the best, because all are best . . . . . There is something in the history of the Steinway family to bring joy to the heart of every one who is devoted to his profession. The Steinway piano is an unmistakable product of love of profession, and to it I pay my tribute of high esteem and admiration."

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Midwinter Book Supplement

The Nation's Poetry Prize

The judges of The Nation's *Poetry Prize have again agreed, as last year, to divide the award between two poems. Several others which, though not given a prize, seem of notable merit will appear in* The Nation *in a later issue.*

The Ranch in the Coulee

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

He built the ranch house down a little draw,
So that he should have wood and water near.
The bluffs rose all around. She never saw
The arching sky, the mountains rising clear;
But to the west the close hills fell away
And she could glimpse a few feet of the road.
The stage to Roundup went by every day,
Sometimes a rancher town-bound with his load,
An auto swirling dusty through the heat,
Or children trudging home on tired feet.

At first she watched it as she did her work;
A horseman pounding by gave her a thrill;
But then within her brain began to lurk
The fear that if she lingered from the sill
Someone might pass unseen. So she began
To keep the highroad always within sight,
And when she found it empty long she ran
And beat upon the pane and cried with fright.
The winter was the worst. When snow would fall
He found it hard to quiet her at all.

In Memoriam

By MARTIN FEINSTEIN

1
When Cohen died, he prayed,
When Jones kicked in, he swore,
But I reckon it meant the same
To the guy at the golden door,
For there was a cuss in Ike's prayer, I'm afraid,
And a prayer in Jonesy's cuss. . . .
So it seemed to us.

2
There's poppies enough to go round,
And crosses to stick in the ground,
There's heaven for them that were blest,
And medals enough for the rest.

3
I remember what Ike once said:
"This business has gone to my head,
It's made me as mad as a loon. . . .
D'ye think it'll sizzle out soon?"

4
Eh-oh, my brother Jesus,
They rigged you up in state,
In a khaki coat and a gun to tote,
Did they think you could learn to hate?
The valleys are drowned in the morning mist,
The hill is an island of gold,
But your eyes are unstirred by the wonder, unwist,
Ah, lad, and your face is cold. . . .

The armies have gathered and gone,
My buddy and I are alone,
A queer little body at that,
With a hole through the top of his hat,
A queer little soul to the last,
No fuss, just crumpled, and passed. . . .

The ranks of the dead go marching by,
What can Jesus do but die?

Eh-oh, my little brother,
They rigged you up in state,
In a khaki coat and a gun to tote,
But you never could learn to hate.

5
We buried Jesus on the hill.
Glory hallelujah!
The rain soaked down and the wind blew shrill.
Glory hallelujah!
Cheer up, soldier, sling your gun,
What's been done can't be undone,
We'll all be buried, every one.
Glory hallelujah!

The ranks of the dead go marching by,
What can Jesus do but die?

6
You'll never see your buck no more,
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
He's a-struttin' through the golden door,
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
He's oglin' all the cherubim,
An' the Lord Hisself is a-greetin' him.
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)

Have you ever seen a nigger's blood?
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
It's red as my own, an' jest as good.
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
I've seen it drip from a slatherin' wound,
A-droppin' an' seepin' into the ground.
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)

I saw him grin an' hold his side,
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
A-soppin' dark with the red life-tide.
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)
I laid him down in the mud to sleep,
An' prayed the Lord his soul to keep.
(O Eliza, lil' Liza Jane)

7
It took a shrapnel shell,
Spat from the jaws of hell,
To bust the color line,
Till even a fool could tell
A nigger's a man, and man's divine.

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The ranks of the dead go marching by,
What can Jesus do but die?

8
"Let us pray for the souls of the slain."
That sounds all right, in the main;
No great harm done, I guess,
It'll ease us of dreariness. . . .

The guns are plowing the earth,
This is the red dawn's birth,
And sowing a terrible seed,
And reaping the crop with speed. . . .

Why are the guns so greedy?
Why are the reapers so needy?

Here's a guy with his guts all out,
Let's pray for him first, let us shout,
Maybe he'll hear us in time,
And turn his face from the slime. . . .

Wake up, Jesus, rouse up, lad!
Wake up, brother! . . . It's too bad. . . .

Or maybe he wasn't Jesus at all,
But a thief, or a pimp in a dancing-hall;
That's what he was, and he offered me
Tribute of all his thievery
And the debutante whore of his dive,
If we should come out of the valley alive.

A thief, a pimp, so let him lie. . . .
We are good people you and I,
You will not have aught to say,
You will not want to pray. . . .

Ah, but the grass and the brambles cry:
"The ranks of the dead go marching by!"
9
It's a jolly world, if you watch the sight,
And it's man's inalienable right
To rot on a cross on Golgotha, forgot
By God and men, or break apart and rot
In a rat-invaded Flanders trench,
Contributing his carcass to the stench. . . .

Now I lay me down to sleep. . . .
To sleep. . . .
10
The sum and the glory is this,
The rest is but *mise-en-scène,*
And if I have drawn it amiss
I'm a prattler and charlatan.

The crown and the cross and the night,
The darkness, and maybe a light. . . .
11
It is not easy to forget,
The rats and the slime are with me yet.
The heavy death that burst behind,
And the burning death that walked with the wind,
The oath half uttered,
The prayer half sputtered,
The mud and the blood and the broken flesh,
These things enmesh
My heart with an unbreakable net. . . .
It is not easy to forget. . . .
12
The sun is up in Jordan land,
(Carry me over, Lord)
The lambs are glad in Jordan land,
(Carry me over, Lord)
I'll meet my buddy in Jordan land.
(Carry me over, Lord). . . .
13
Ike and the nigger and Jones, they came from the fields of death,
Sightless and broken and stark and wet with the damp of the heath,
Dragging a cross between them, huge and heavy and black,
They had gone their way together in a blundering night attack.

And Ike said: "After the wind and the rain
Little is left of my heart but the pain."

And the nigger: "After the rain and the wind
Little is left me but eyes that are blind."

And Jones said: "After the wind and the rain
The poppies grow out of my hands again."
14
Out of my body the moss is fed,
The thorn-bush roots in my broken head,
And never the poppies so large and red.
Dust unto dust till the pain is dead. . . .
15
Pack up, buddy, you've done your little bit,
One more hike an' there's glory on the top!
What's that you're sayin' . . . you're not feelin' fit? . . .
Buzzin' in your ears . . . an' thumpin' nigh to drop? . . .
Why, damn your silly soul,
If your face ain't shot off whole. . . .
16
The last vigil is over,
From east to west
Leaps life's fierce lover;
Death is best,
Death is rest.

Gwendolen Haste, who divides The Nation's *Poetry Prize with Martin Feinstein, was born in Illinois, graduated from the University of Chicago in 1912, worked in a munition plant at Amatol, New Jersey, during the war, and now lives in Billings, Montana. She has already published verse in the* Midland, Poetry, *the* Pagan, *the* Lyric West. *Mr. Feinstein was born in Brooklyn, studied at William and Mary College and at the University of Michigan, graduated from Michigan in 1914, and taught rhetoric there for three years. During the war he served in France with the 306th Infantry and was with the 77th Division in the Oise-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne campaigns. After the armistice he was for three months in hospital in France. He is at present a member of the staff of the* Menorah Journal, *to which he has contributed verse.*

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Books

The Roving Critic

THOMAS PAINE is the Ragged Philosopher of his race. His books are the bible of village radicals, of boys and girls learning to argue and reflect up dingy alleys and in furtive garrets, of men and women everywhere who for lack of learning find it hard to enter the fields of liberal speculation. In his own day, indeed, it was his principal offense that like a different Socrates he brought philosophy to the people. He expounded in the market-place the discreeter deism of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, of many a scented abbé in France, and of enough good British bishops. He preached republicanism where not only more or less comfortable kings could hear, but also their most hungry and discontented subjects. To Burke, whimpering over the age of chivalry, Paine spoke with the bitter voice of that vast majority of the populace which had never beheld the gold and silk of chivalry except as a distant spectacle, but had supported it with their sweat and blood and now saw it extinguished with scant regrets. In language no one could misunderstand or overlook he struck at the code of honor that compelled the duel, at irrational notions of marriage and divorce, at the tyranny of masters over slaves, of husbands over wives, of mankind over dumb beasts. To Franklin's magnificent boast "Where Liberty is, there is my country" Paine no less magnificently answered "Where is not Liberty, there is mine." And as he spoke he fought, in America for the right of self-government, in England for the right of free speech and a free press, in France for the living rights of man himself as against the dead hand of feudal tradition. In all this Paine was that rare thing, a tribune of the people without self-interest. Possibly the most influential author of his day, he had but a modest pride of authorship. He could have made his fortune a dozen times, but he lived and died in poverty—died the same Ragged Philosopher he had lived.

The extent to which Paine's doctrines are still potent has been latterly overlooked, so many of his arguments have come to seem axioms. For the Anglo-Saxon populace he is still a classic textbook of liberal thought. "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason" are thumbed to pieces in public libraries; in uncounted cheap editions they keep up a vigorous career. No other writer in English has ever set forth with such combined lucidity and energy the balder facts regarding society and theology. No other books of popular philosophy demand so little preparation from their readers. Paine speaks to the common man in the common tongue. It is true that most of his contentions derive from doctrines which were widely current among the bolder spirits in his day and that his triumph is rather that of the translator than of the originator. But such translation as his from the learned tongue has practically the merit of positive creation. It is true, also, that Paine, son of a century which talked in prose too lucid and believed in proverbs too simple to be more than partly true, refined his dialectic to a bareness which does not always take account of lights and shadows, of moods and hesitations and reverences and adorations. To such colors of life he was not altogether blind. He was himself so much a saint that his confidence in the reason was possibly a superstition. He was so much a Quixote that his passion for the liberation of humanity by humaneness was possibly an illusion. But those who make textbooks for the people must cling to the center of their doctrines, must walk under the full light of their convictions. Paine was first of all a man of action, a soldier whose weapons were the pamphlet and the pen. His decisions sprang promptly into epigrams; his reflections shaped themselves instinctively into argument; his passions flowered as eloquence. To less busy and less incisive men he left the luxury of brooding. For himself, he never doubted. His words have still almost the vitality of deeds actually witnessed.

There was never a braver or more honest man. If he got some pleasure out of fighting, it was but incidental to a profoundly serious career. Paine's defects lay on that side of his nature where his imagination belonged. He saw a good many things so clearly that a more imaginative person might have suspected that he was not seeing the whole. "My own line of reasoning," Paine wrote, "is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light." There are deeps in human character which he never saw into at all. So in society and government he made too little of the complexity really created by tradition, by the long chords of memory, by the criss-cross of interests and passions, by the imponderable differences between the way masses of men might be expected to act and the way they do act. Although in his program for increasing well-being in England he showed himself a prophet, in the more official methods of constitution-making in France and America he revealed less emphatic gifts: his outlook was too personal, and his concerns too definitely with the plain man in his daily business. Paine's limitations in religion now appear greater than they were. If he talked too much about unimportant doctrines and phases of worship it was because those very doctrines and phases were falsely valued, because they were presented to the people as having the truth of mathematics not of poetry. Still, Paine partly misunderstood the place in religion of poetry and history. Indeed, his principal defect may be found in his failure to perceive the right use of history in human life. And it may be said that his principal merit was his ability to perceive what uses of history were wrong.

His powerful speculative intelligence played upon the society of his time quite undeceived by the glamor which deceives weaker eyes. "Independence is my happiness, and I view things as they are, without regard to place or person; my country is the world, and my religion is to do good." It is hard to overestimate the services to the eighteenth century, with its tight categories and stately decorums and many hollow reverences, of a challenger so bold as Paine. In an age which had long seen humanity as naturally divided into rulers and subjects he saw it only as men, by the laws of nature free and equal. In governments so long constituted and unquestioned that they had come to seem permanent as the hills, and as such to be venerated, he saw only national associations which for good cause might at any time be terminated. In church establishments ancient and compact beyond anything else visible in European society, with all the appurtenances of vast wealth and sumptuous hierarchies, and with the claim to be the lawful custodian of truth, he saw the superfluous vesture of a faith originally meek and gentle. Paine's work was to call the attention of millions of men back to the substance of faith and government and happiness.

IN "Seventy Years Among Savages" (Seltzer) Henry S. Salt says, in effect, that it is well enough to anthropologize among the ancients or among the surviving primitive peoples about whom we can make dexterous guesses, but we can find plenty of savages among our neighbors if we try the rules of reason on the ways of life. Savages eat each other, on occasions, but we regularly eat our compatriots of the universe: cows, sheep, pigs, birds, fish; moreover, we leave the savages hopelessly behind in the arts of war, sport, vivisection, and pot-hunting. The recent world imbroglio saw the caveman emerging from his lair and inheriting the earth, justified—what is worse—by his descendants who had all along been boasting of their "civilization." To Mr. Salt, whose nineteenth-century heroes have been Shelley and Thoreau, the customs of his country seem many of them to lack either reason or love; his autobiography is the record of a spirit which tests all things by those attributes of the human race. He moves through varied experiences with varied personages in the British Isles quite as if he were a visitor there from some more rational planet, reporting what he sees as if he had never taken the habits of the race for granted.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Planner of Cities

Daniel H. Burnham, Architect, Planner of Cities. By Charles Moore. Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. $20.

HOW better commemorate a great impresario of architecture than in a brace of impressive and sumptuous volumes—two stately pylons favored, appropriately, with an abundance of varied graphic decorations? Again, who better fitted to undertake the work than a man who for a score of years had busied himself among the papyri of our modern Thebes? Thus we have Daniel H. Burnham, "planner of cities" and director of a world's fair, suitably celebrated by Charles Moore, who, after much secretarial experience among the administrative bodies at Washington, is now chairman of that National Commission of Fine Arts which Burnham himself did so much to establish.

Burnham came into his opportunity and his career through the Columbian Exposition of 1893. His triumph at Chicago led straight to his subsequent activities at Washington, Cleveland, San Francisco, and Manila. Still, it is to be remembered that it was not as a detached individual but as a member of the firm of Burnham & Root that he stepped into celebrity. More emphasis may rightly be placed on Root than Burnham's biographer permits himself. Root was the artist of the firm. Though he died in December, 1890, just on the threshold of the great enterprise, he left behind him some highly significant sketches in water color to indicate his conception of the tone and character of a world's fair. They presented a striking union of the picturesque and the colorful, on a note highly festal; but the associated artists who came together a little later preferred the white proprieties of the classic, and color was postponed until Buffalo. It is also a common impression in Chicago's architectural circles that the early "Memorial" addressed to the Grounds and Buildings Committee of the Columbian organization was, if we may depend upon one of Burnham's successors in the presidency of the American Institute of Architects, first "talked off" by Burnham for the convenience of the press, yet really inspired by Root. In any event, one does not care to find Root unduly minimized, nor to have his own biography disparaged, even in a footnote.

Well, Root and his color and his fantasies and his floating banners were left behind, and the designers of the Fair settled down to a cool, correct classicism. Burnham, at times, had had leanings toward the Romanesque and the Gothic, but other influences now prevailed. At one time his office indulged (and over-indulged) in the particular sort of Gothic floridity that depended (and over-depended) on white glazed terra-cotta—that "crockery" style, if one will not be accused of speaking too disparagingly, which finds its highest exemplar in the Woolworth tower. "Yes, I know," he once acknowledged to me, "that we have been doing some pretty unsatisfactory things." His confirmation in the classic was probably due, in large part, to the influence of Charles F. McKim, the most prominent and influential of his associates and a firm non-believer in Gothic; this led Burnham, later on, to favor the classic for West Point and for the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington. The selection of the classic was doubtless due, in perhaps equal measure, to the necessity of uniting—and uniting quickly—on some style that was established, well-understood, and capable of promoting successful cooperation among many widely scattered practitioners. A third reason may be brought forward, in this later day of a growing confidence in the matter of self-expression: we were still in a state of artistic tutelage to Europe—it behooved us, then, to be careful and correct, and to walk warily before the critical eyes of "the world" along paths well established and well regarded. And thus the domination of the Classic and of the Beaux Arts was imposed on a new land. No color, no spurts of fancy, a soft pedal on American inventiveness. . . .

No one can maintain that the erections at the Chicago Fair were real buildings—they were just so much architectural scenery. Nor can it be asserted that, even if more structurally organized and done in permanent materials, they would have been real buildings; their sanctions were all exterior and they drew little or nothing from the indwelling actualities of the national life. They represented merely a short, certain, and respectable cut to a decorative result. Yet art is not short, but "long." Nor need it be certain—experimental, rather, and "chancy." Furthermore, respectable conventions often make the freeman writhe. And, finally, art has a higher meaning and a wider scope than the merely decorative. The most hopeful buildings at the Fair were those in which certain Western architects, working outside the central scheme, indulged their fancy and originality. The whole problem is posed, *net*, in two very accessible buildings that stand side by side in East Thirty-sixth Street in New York—the Morgan residence and the Morgan library: the one indigenous, the other exotic; the one a product of the native American psyche; the other an importation and adaptation from Rome. Whatever the deficiencies of the first, they are not greatly likely to be corrected by the procedure that introduced the second.

Though the classic may leave scant space for a sincere personal expression, it is well adapted to a vigorous personality that directs a large organization and wide-spread activities. Such was Burnham—a ponderous dynamo that functioned effectively in many quarters. Just as he had organized goodwill and good-fellowship among the artists of the Fair, so he moved freely and confidently among "the captains and the kings" of commerce, finance, and politics, and frequently he had his way with them. The great features of his last decade were the Plan of Chicago, forwarded in his offices, and the equally important plans for Washington. Both have continued to advance since his death in 1912: the former somewhat haltingly and disappointingly; the latter, under the National Commission of Fine Arts, of which Burnham was himself the first chairman, more satisfactorily. In Washington Burnham displayed his mettle among the *pezzi grossi*. He found Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania System, amenable to the claims of an advancing civilization, and the aspect of the national capital, as a railroad center, was altered for the better. With some of the "statesmen" he was less successful. The first decade of the century found this type still intrenched in all its self-confidence and self-complacence, and wholly inaccessible (save for the admirable Senator McMillan, of Michigan), to all aesthetic representations. Burnham had been outspoken on occasion, and rather vainly, with John G. Carlisle, who may be remembered, or not, as a member of Cleveland's second cabinet; and he now encountered Joseph G. Cannon, who too long allowed certain superficial and non-essential Lincolnisms to stand between the country and the advance of the country's culture. If, in the end, the claims of art and the artist were established in the eyes and the consciousness of politics, this was largely through the efforts of a gallant band of architects, sculptors, painters, and landscape gardeners, captained by Burnham himself. The Ninth Report of the National Commission of Fine Arts, just issued, indicates how completely the Washington Plan is on its feet and how well it is progressing.

This Report is also the work of Mr. Moore. It shows the same stylistic hand as the Biography, and duplicates (though not in color) many of its illustrations. Mr. Moore, too, is a safe and sane classicist: the same touch and spirit that go into the creation of a civic center—such as that of Cleveland, for example—may enter properly into the construction of an annual report, or of an extended Life. Mr. Moore is bland and cool—he contributes little color and sparkle; yet there the Biography stands, systematically ground-planned, solidly pillared, and carefully embellished with the recognized and established patterns. Yet it is evident that, behind his correct façade, he is warmed by a very human and very justifiable admiration for his subject. Burnham easily produced this effect on his associates—save when the vigors of administration forced him to produce an effect to the contrary. Perhaps his high peak,

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in a social aspect, was reached at the New York dinner of March 25, 1893. Here fellow-architects and "prominent citizens" assembled to mark a moment when New York had forgiven and when the artistic success of the great undertaking was assured. One may easily figure Burnham's social qualities as exhibited on such an occasion of triumph. But I may speak with more assurance of a similar, and earlier, occasion—the banquet given in October, 1892, in one of the unfinished Fair buildings, to celebrate, within its proper year, the real Columbus anniversary. The day was cold and the surroundings were rather disorderly; but Burnham, presiding, rose above all such minor difficulties. He invited his guests (all male) to keep on their overcoats and hats, and the loving-cup passed quite as if such conditions were normal. It was natural, perhaps, that the man with the largest hat should draw the most applause—Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill").

One cannot leave these magnificent volumes without a further word about the illustrations. Many are in color, and most of these were made to illustrate the Plan of Chicago. Many of this series, in their delicately tinted dreaminess, can correspond to no future reality—nor is it desirable that some of them should; yet they hold aloft an ideal, for approximation at least, and they are the product of men who worked under the generous spirit of "Dan" Burnham and caught in large measure the gleam from him.

HENRY B. FULLER

Literary Letters

The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Translated by Caroline V. Kerr. Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Boni & Liveright. $4.

The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters. Translated by Aimee L. McKenzie. Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. Boni & Liveright. $4.

ONE of the minor counts in Nietzsche's indictment of modern society is that letter-writing has become mindless and without style. In our busy, money-mad times, hostile to all grace and dignity of human intercourse, the art of polite correspondence has gone to the dogs with the other arts. I do not know just how Nietzsche phrases it, for I quote indirectly from Mr. W. M. Salter's valuable book on the philosopher, and have not at hand "Dawn of Day," in which the passage is to be found. It is probably an incidental clause or sentence, a corollary of the major damning propositions.

As if to prove, as he did in many ways, his belief that he was a genius set apart and superior to the rest of us, Nietzsche wrote very good letters himself. And he composed them carefully like the literary artist that he was. Some of his letters to Wagner were destroyed, but Nietzsche's sister is able to reproduce them from the rough drafts found in her brother's notebooks. If less interesting persons than Nietzsche writing to less interesting persons than Wagner took the pains to make rough drafts of letters, perhaps the daily mail would be less of a bore and a burden.

Few people know how to write letters, because few people know how to write. Eighty years ago De Quincey thought that to find "our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, delicate yet sinewy in its composition," it would be necessary to steal the mail-bags and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four will have been written by unmarried women above twenty-five, who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by post, and who "combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness" than any other class in Europe. Perhaps in our time educated women have lost their "fidelity to the idiom," since their natural language is no longer secure against the corrupting invasions of the press. We have no way of knowing, for those who make a practice of rifling the mails are not primarily concerned with problems of style.

If there has been a decline in epistolary art, there may be several reasons. The lack of leisure, or the destruction of a true sense of the value of leisure, of which Nietzsche complains, in part accounts for it. In our toilsome days even men and women with fine literary gifts are driven by their work and have not time, or energy, to write much for fun, either private letters or books. If, as Nietzsche seems to think, all, or nearly all, modern literary expression is decadent, then polite correspondence has simply gone down in the general slump, and no other explanation is necessary. But I doubt that. The giants may have died day before yesterday. Yet there never was a time when so many people knew how to write with some degree of skill as in our degenerate era. Commercialization may have had the effect of compelling authors to stick to their task of earning a living. But is that commercialization, bemoaned as a recent disease, essentially more narrowing and grinding than the circumstances which beset Elizabethan dramatists or eighteenth-century essayists—the difficulties of practical life which have always afflicted authors who happened not to be men of means or the favorites of the rich or of the multitude?

A possible cause of the decline of what Mr. Lucas calls "the gentlest art" may be the increased facilities of travel and of non-literary forms of communication. In stage-coach days people fifty miles apart were at opposite ends of the earth. A letter meant much, and the arrival of the slow uncertain mail was a great event. The impulse to write a letter and the eagerness to receive one were heightened by solitude, by seclusion from all the world beyond the immediate neighborhood. Nowadays, to twist a current joke, it is easier to telephone than to write and easier to take a train than to telephone. Even a man who lives alone has a feeling that most of his friends and kinsfolk are accessible at fairly short notice, and the feeling somewhat allays anxiety for news and longing for the most desirable letter.

Certainly many of the best literary letters have been inspired, or occasioned, by solitude and separation, by a loneliness of soul deeper than that caused by mere temporary divisions and accidents of distance. Cowper wrote his charming letters from an invalid's retreat. Half of Stevenson's letters are those of a home-sick exile. It is fortunate for us that when Coleridge moved to Bristol, Lamb "felt his absence bitterly" (the words are Talfourd's) "and sought a correspondence with him as almost his only comfort."

Nietzsche's loneliness was due in part to ill-health and external necessities and in part to his eremitic self-sufficiency, which he liked to pretend was austere and cold but which was in conflict with the affectionate, generous elements in his nature. His sister, the only woman except his mother to whom he was devoted, the only one, at any rate, to whom he wrote with a free pen, lived in South America. He pined for her with a combination of brotherly love and the desire of the selfish male for an efficient and companionable Hausfrau.

His attitude toward Wagner was that of an adoring youth for an elderly master, who failed in the end to live up to the youth's ideals. During the ten years from the end of the friendship in 1878 to Nietzsche's intellectual death in 1888, that is, for five years after Wagner's death, Nietzsche continued to berate his old master. Avowedly his attacks were philosophical and were directed against Wagner's sentimentalism and religiosity. He hopes that the better-endowed men will turn against Wagner and Schopenhauer. "These two Germans are leading us to ruin; they flatter our dangerous qualities." But behind the philosophic criticism is a personal grievance. It is a wounded, disappointed man, not a detached thinker, who, looking back on the broken friendship, writes: "I was doomed to distrust more deeply, to despise more deeply, to be more deeply alone than before. For I never had anyone but Richard Wagner!" In the English text *deeply alone* is in italics.

Before the friendship cooled the two men of genius spent many days together. But there were periods when Nietzsche could not, or would not, visit Wagner. It was then that Nietzsche wrote letters, very good ones, and the letters to him

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from Wagner and Frau Cosima are good, too. The interest to us of the correspondence is literary, not controversial. Neither Nietzsche nor Wagner needs defending; and Frau Foerster-Nietzsche is sometimes over-zealous in putting her brother in the best possible light. Richard Strauss is reported to have said that the time when the friendship of Wagner and Nietzsche was at its height was one of the most impressive and significant cultural moments of the nineteenth century. That may be so. But their contributions to culture are in their professional work, and neither man seems to have had much influence on the other's thought. That is why they parted company. And precisely because they were independent, singular minds, they left a correspondence which can be read with great pleasure, even though the story ends sadly.

The letters of Flaubert and George Sand are the record of a delightful friendship that lasted until her death. When it began, in 1863, she was a veteran, almost old enough to be his mother, and he was a confirmed bachelor of forty-two, already famous for "Madame Bovary." He had just published "Salammbô," which she praised in a published article and in a letter to him. He replied: "I quite frankly like you"—a good beginning!—and the liking never wavered on either side. There were no amatory sparks; even her inexhaustible heart was past that. These two old fellows, as they call themselves, adore and admire, "embrace" each other, French-fashion, disagree and argue, pour out amazingly rich talk about literature and politics. They were utterly unlike in literary methods, political opinions, and habits of life. He was the naturalist who composed with painful deliberation, an aristocrat with a contempt for democracy, a recluse, often grouchy and growling. She was the romanticist who wrote with both hands and did a thousand other things in defiance of the clocks, a sentimental republican with an overflowing love for humanity in general and for countless individuals in her busy private world and in the great world. She is an exception to the rule, if it be a rule, that solitude is a necessary condition of letter-writing. In the midst of her multifarious activities she writes two letters to Flaubert's one. She exaggerates, if that be possible, her optimism and high spirits in order to cheer up "the splendid old fellow"; and on his part, though gloom and melancholy were natural to him, one suspects him of perversely dwelling on his own miseries and the wretched futility of mankind for the sake of drawing her out. "Nobody understands me," he writes; "I belong to another world" (which sounds much like Nietzsche!). She replies with illogical good cheer: "You love literature too much; it will destroy you and you will not destroy the imbecility of the human race. . . . But I shall not succeed in changing you. . . . As for me, I do not get well, but I have hopes, well or not, to keep on still so as to bring up my grandchildren, and to love you as long as I have a breath left."

She lectured her big stubborn boy maternally to the end, and after her death he wrote: "It seemed to me that I was burying my mother for the second time." It was a beautiful relationship productive of some of the best letters ever exchanged between masters of letters.

JOHN MACY

Wage Disputes

The Settlement of Wage Disputes. By Herbert Feis. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

ALTHOUGH wage disputes are as prevalent now as they were during the prosperous years from 1917 to 1919, there is much less said about methods of peaceable adjustment, except in cases where a strike would be a great injury to the community, as on the railroads. When prices were rising, when labor was scarce, and unions had an excellent chance of enforcing their demands by an obdurate policy, we seemed to be on the brink of a general recognition that disputes ought to be submitted to arbitration. Now that prices have been falling, unemployment is prevalent, and the unions are on the defensive, the government and the public look on unmoved while industrial battles are fought out to the bitter end, an end which is often disastrous to the wage-earner. Not a very long look ahead is required, however, to see that the tables will be turned again, and that employers may inside of a year or so be begging for arbitration as sincerely as they now avoid it. Already it is rumored that a measure for compulsory arbitration similar to that embodied in the Kansas Industrial Court is to be introduced into the New York legislature, and President Harding's December message gave a hint of national legislation to aid peaceful settlement of labor disputes. But before jumping from the extreme of no interference to that of legally enforced arbitration, public opinion might profitably inform itself a little more fully on the difficulties involved.

In such a process of education Herbert Feis's book ought to be a valuable one. It is not a superficial study of the various forms of machinery for adjustment and arbitration, but rather a study of the economic fundamentals which must underlie any policy of wage adjustment—any policy, that is, which can be called a policy rather than an appeal to chance and battle. The advocates of compulsory arbitration usually assume that it is just as easy to decide the complex economic issues involved in a wage dispute as it is to decide whether a man is guilty of murder. But in truth there is no recognized code of industrial justice, and very little scientific background for such a code. To take the responsibility of telling organized workers that they are guilty of a crime if they refuse to sell their labor except at prices which they may gain by a bargaining process would be closely akin to forbidding a giant corporation to refuse to sell its product except at prices which it can win by economic means from its customers. If we are going to regulate the price of labor by public decree, why cannot we regulate the prices of commodities also? Surely any attempt at price regulation, whether of labor or anything else, ought not to be undertaken without a full investigation of the underlying economic facts.

Mr. Feis assumes as a premise, first, that the present economic order is not to be radically changed, at least in the near future, and, second, that unions will continue to exist and to grow and will receive an increasing recognition. His theory of wages is a form of the productivity theory, modified and relieved of its dogmatism by numerous qualifications. This is too intricate a theory to be summarized precisely in a few words, but in general it maintains that the reward of labor is larger, and the reward of all other elements in production is larger, as the total national product increases in relation to the population. The share of the product which labor receives, according to this theory, depends upon the competitive demand for the various elements engaged in production, which in turn depends partly upon their relative productivity. The abstract theory is based on the assumption upon which so much of the older economic theory is based, that perfectly free competition exists and that competitors will act in certain ways. Since free competition does not exist, however, and since competitors do not by any means always act in the ways described, the theory is subject to all sorts of alteration on these accounts. There are matters to be considered having to do with combinations and group action of various sorts, matters having to do with customary standards of living, matters having to do with relative skill, relative mobility of different classes of laborers, and so on. Into many of these refinements Mr. Feis inquires in considerable detail. And it is here that the chief adverse criticism of his book is to be made. He adopts the older method of qualitative analysis, whereas satisfactory answers to many of the problems under consideration can be provided only by quantitative analysis. That is, it does us little good to know that a hypothesis must be modified in certain ways if certain things be true; it is important to know also how much it must be modified, and that knowledge cannot be obtained from speculation and general observation, but only from statistical study of the facts. Often the modification necessary is so great as practically to invalidate the parent theory and to make necessary the construction

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of a new one. This happens to be the case with the productivity theory of wages, since there is good statistical ground for believing that the course of wages during the past twenty years has been precisely the opposite of the course they would have taken had the productivity theory been operating in all its abstract purity. In fact, the theory seems to have overlooked a whole group of phenomena which have had a controlling influence in the matter. But a discussion of this question is too technical for the present purpose.

Mr. Feis is undoubtedly correct in concluding, however, that there is no automatically established "normal" level of wages which it must be the purpose of arbitrators to maintain. It is not always necessary to lower wages when prices fall, and the relation of one wage rate to another, usually known as the wage differential, is not fixed forever by natural law. He elaborates a number of rules of reason for the adjustment of wages, most of which are already familiar to arbitrators. They include the minimum level, the variation of rates according to relative skill and geographical differences in the cost of living, the tendency toward standardization, the alteration of wages in relation to a shifting price level so that the purchasing power of the workers will not decrease, and the positive increase of real wages in relation to any increased profitableness of industry.

The speculations of the final chapter with regard to the possible establishment of a national average "fair" rate of profits are interesting; but to one who visualizes even the accounting difficulties involved the achievement of such an end seems even more remote than a social revolution itself. The main contention, however, that a national rather than a local or partial policy must be adopted before we can make any great progress in intelligent wage adjustment is sound. Every day forces upon us a sense of the extreme interdependence of all elements of the economic complex. A really informed, effective, and just regulation of wages would involve a really informed, effective, and just regulation of the economic order.

GEORGE SOULE

A Poet's Tragedy

STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1897. From the first he showed himself extremely sensitive and high-spirited, with a passionate love of wild nature and animals. Shy of outsiders, he was devoted to his family, and was taught at home for several years. When at last he went to school he at once developed into a brilliant student and a tremendous reader. Passionately fond of poetry, he was fondest of Virgil and Poe. In many respects he was as healthy and normal as possible. He passed duly through the period of craze for trains and boats and emerged into baseball. Always of splendid physique, he became devoted to swimming and bicycling. He was fearless and hot-tempered, especially in regard to any kind of cruelty. As he grew older he came to loathe anything ugly, dirty, or base, whether in externals or in character, and it was his misfortune that his vivid and expressive features could never conceal his thoughts. He would not go to church. He made no friends at school, being, with his aristocratic temper, quickly antagonized by the boys he met. To make up for this, he withdrew into his home whenever possible, idolizing his mother and making his brother his only comrade in boyish amusements. For all his sensitiveness, his main characteristics were his winning gentleness and humor.

It was after his graduation from school that the real tragedy of Moylan Bird's life began. Shut out by lack of money from his ambition of becoming a naturalist, he first went into "railroading." Although he hated his work his quickness and accuracy made him an excellent employee; indeed, it was characteristic of him that he succeeded in all he undertook. A short time later he shifted into the cotton business and became one of the best cotton clerks on the exchange, but his real self remained nearly as unsatisfied as before. It was during this time that he began in odd moments to write down short lyrics as they occurred to him in intervals of leisure. He never apparently took himself seriously as a poet, never felt himself far enough along to think of a literary career; he simply wrote because he could not help it, wrote on the backs of envelopes or street-car transfers. A few of his poems appeared in *Contemporary Verse*.

When the United States entered the war the young poet, his indignation roused by stories of German atrocities, volunteered for the navy. During the summer of 1918 he served as a recruit on the Great Lakes and on Narragansett Bay. He found the life even rougher and more galling to his spirit than his office work had been. Not a ray of beauty or kindliness redeemed the eternal drudgery of mess and drill. It must be borne in mind that this boyish idealist was unable to make any contact with the average American "rookie." Brought up on tales of heroism, he writhed under the feeling that dying for one's country had now become a mere affair of business and mechanics. The true poet is exceptional, and modern war knows no exceptions. In October Moylan Bird received an appointment as cadet at West Point. He had done well in the navy and would have won his ensign's commission, but he had the feeling that in a school for officers he would be associated with persons of his own instincts and susceptibilities. For this reason, though his family urged him not to accept, he finally decided to do so. Of his life at West Point little is known and probably not much will ever be revealed. In the first place, he was terribly disappointed in his hope of getting the kind of better education he wanted; the instruction in literature seemed infantile. Then the life in general seemed even worse to him than that in the navy. It has come to light that he had two room-mates who were determined, according to their ideas, to "make a man of him." As he refused to accept their ideas as to manhood, they changed their tactics and told him they would "give him hell." How well they kept their word we can only guess by the sequel. He first wrote his mother that he doubted whether he should be able to stay on. Then in a final letter he asked for money so that he might return home at once. Though his mother had sat down immediately to send the money, a telegram was brought her announcing that her son had been found shot dead in his room on the first day of the new year.

That he took his own life there can be little doubt. He believed that the poet's only true happiness lies in the world of imagination, a world completely denied Bird both by his regime of life and by his associates; he was terribly homesick and could not get leave to return for Christmas; his deeply affectionate, hypersensitive spirit had been tortured deliberately for many weeks, at a time when both his body and mind were under continual strain. Surely few of us can deny a measure of sympathy to the despair that drove this beauty-worshiping boy to his headlong act.

Of the forty or so of Moylan Bird's poems that give him at his best, none is over thirty lines long. Almost all are imaginative lyrics of wild nature: the mountains, the woods, and especially the sea. The individual quality of these lyrics is the passionate ideality of their feeling and the golden, dawn-like quality of their atmosphere. Classic allusion is as felicitous as in one of the masters. Though following conventional lines, the imagery and the verbal music are new and vital. One forgets possible prototypes, as when reading Keats's early sonnets. To me there seems to be something fresh and beautiful in Moylan Bird's May.

> The Pan-thrilled saplings swayed in sportive bliss,
> Longing to change their roots to flying feet;
> And, where the buds were pouting for Pan's kiss,
> The high lark sprinkled music, dewy sweet.
>
> I wandered down a golden lane of light,
> And found a dell, unsoiled by man, untrod;
> And, with the daffodil for acolyte,
> I bared my soul to all the woods, and God.

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The emotional field of a boy of twenty is naturally not large. Moylan Bird was in love with love but never with any particular "rare and radiant maiden." Philosophy and abstractions in general he did not meddle with. He has only a couple of penetrating satiric ventures. The chosen familiars of his acquaintance were the spirits of nature. Pan, the nymphs, and the personified hours and seasons were for him the "real people." Most of his imagination was personal, but there is a promising touch of drama in an unpublished poem, The Witch. Two successful realistic poems emerge from a group in which for the most part he is ill at ease. One is to a Red Cross nurse, the other, A Song of American Industry, has a virile ring.

The poem which Bird regarded as his masterpiece and which has been most admired and reprinted is entitled "What if the lapse of ages were a dream?" It opens as follows:

> What if the lapse of ages were a dream,
> From which we waked, clutching the primal bough,
> Seeing familiar thunder-piercing crags,
> Vast dripping woods, and saurian-bellowed swamps
> That wearied the new heavens with their noise,
> Wild seas, that, maddened, foaming, ever gnawed
> At fog-wrapped cliffs and, roaring in defeat,
> Ran to eye-wearying distance, without shore—
> All things familiar; but our dull ape minds
> Troubled with visions vague; the hungry roar
> Of the great sabred tiger far below
> Seeming in our wild dream the thund'rous sound
> Of hurtling heated monsters, made of steel.

Henry Newbolt in his stimulating volume "A New Study of English Poetry" makes the point that a true poet is great even in his imperfect early work. Keats was a great poet in "Endymion," and "Endymion" will always be read, even though it is hardly fuller of beauties than of blemishes. The poet's personality is unmistakably there almost from the first. Had Keats died at twenty-one instead of at twenty-six, ought we not to prize "I stood tip-toe" and the early sonnets? If Bird did not write "Much have I traveled in the realms of gold," neither did Keats before coming of age write any passage of blank verse with such finely harmonized imagination as "What if the lapse of ages were a dream?"

The poems of Moylan Bird are not markedly original in subject or form, and yet their spirited joy in all the loveliest aspects of nature, their tenderness and purity of feeling, make them unique, as all beauty is unique. This, at least, was the opinion of no less a critic than the late Francis B. Gummere, who wrote: "The poems of Stephen Moylan Bird depend upon no interests or fashions of the present day, and have something of that quality which makes date and place irrelevant. . . . He had gone far beyond mere promise, and these brave relics of a poet in the making deserve to be gathered into a volume. So preserved, his verses will be read and valued, I think, when most of the poetry that makes loud appeal is forgotten along with the excitements or the eccentricities which called it forth."

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Catholic Economics

Work, Wealth, and Wages. By Joseph Husslein, S.J. Chicago: Matre & Company. $1.25.

THEOLOGIANS teach that the body is an earthly tabernacle of an immortal spirit; without the body the spirit is a ghost; without the soul the body is a corpse. The pragmatic American joins a religious organization to save his soul, an athletic club to preserve his body, and a political party to enable him to keep body and soul together. On Sundays he makes business maxims of his religious principles; on week-days he makes religious principles of his business maxims. He professes the capitalistic creed, accepts the profit system as *de fide*, seeks divine injunctions against strikes, and prays for deliverance from labor unions, socialists, Bolsheviki, Nonpartisan Leaguers, cooperators, syndicalists, communists, and all other evil spirits that beset the just. Daugherty and Lusk and Martin Littleton are his archangels; Babson is his prophet and Rockefeller his golden calf.

To this pragmatic American "Work, Wealth, and Wages" will be a revelation. Father Husslein has primarily a spiritual and not a sociological purpose. His church has a duty to define and to teach the truths upon which it is founded, that the laity may apply its principles to the conduct of human relations. Such relations vary in different ages, races, and classes. It is not obligatory upon an over-worked missionary church to codify the moral law for special application to variations in social conditions. But in an industrial age an interpretation of the law governing labor and capital, consumer and producer is of inestimable service to all Christians. And Dr. Husslein has sought to fulfil that service.

He has for years been an acknowledged exponent of Catholic social thought, and his views may in general be said to be authoritative. The Catholic Social Program drawn up by him was officially adopted by the Catholic Confederation of England and Wales. And his previous works, "The World Problem," "Evolution and Social Progress," and "Church and Labor" (in collaboration with Dr. John A. Ryan), are accepted by Catholics as approved commentaries in their field. The keynote of his latest work is sounded in the opening paragraph: "Man is a human being, made to the image and likeness of God, and destined for higher things than merely the amassing of personal wealth or the enrichment of a capitalist employer. This truth is fundamental in all Christian sociology. The immediate purpose of industry is not the accumulation of profits, as men in practice believed during the era of industrialism that followed upon the decadence of the medieval guilds, but the provision of a decent livelihood for all engaged in the noble work of production for the common good. It is not to enable a few to live luxuriously and to cumber the earth with their palaces and villas, but to enable all that deserve it to enjoy the fruits of faithful toil. Rudimentary as this truth is, the world has failed to grasp it."

The right of the worker to a living wage he calls "the cornerstone of social justice." He sees no adequate solution of the evils of unemployment, however, through state socialism. "That indeed would end starvation under capitalism, but in all probability would exchange it for a starvation still more wide-spread and terrible under a proletarian dictatorship of a socialist bureaucracy. It implies at all events a permanent slavery to which free men cannot permit themselves to be subjected. If 'wage-slavery' is regarded as a reality under the present system, it certainly cannot be cured by a transformation into state-slavery that would be far more galling." But the Catholics are not opposed to municipal or state ownership per se. He quotes as a summary of the Catholic attitude on this question the joint pastoral of the Irish bishops (1914): "The state or municipality should acquire, always for compensation, those agencies of production, and those agencies only, in which the public interest demands that public property rather than private ownership should exist."

Catholics oppose the total abolition of private productive property, but favor its widest possible distribution, by just means, so that the workers can participate not only in the management and control of the means of production but also in the individual ownership of these means. And this end is to be sought not in violence but through education, organization, cooperation, and legislation. Private ownership by individuals as such, through copartnership or cooperation, was the underlying principle of the medieval guild. As a further development of the guild idea, Catholic sociology sanctions the political organization of industries and profession, each interest to be represented by its delegated experts in the councils of the nation. Apparently many Catholic sociologists favor the combined political representation of employers and employees of such industry.

FRANK P. WALSH, JR.

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The Sea Old and New

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas. By Ralph D. Paine. The Century Company. $4.

Harbours of Memory. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.75.

"IT is hard to astonish a deep-water sailor, because nothing is too strange to happen at sea," writes the author of this first volume. Perhaps that is why no sea fiction has been written that is as thrilling as some of the actualities when those happenings are set down with sufficient verisimilitude to make them live. Hence Ralph D. Paine has done a service in rummaging among old logs and diaries and chronicles, retrieving and revivifying some of the great sea adventures of 100 to 200 years ago—a period when the sailing ship was beginning that world commerce which is now so accepted a fact; when there were stupendous dangers and privations to be faced; when Yankee-built vessels and American-born sailors loomed large in the romance of ocean trade. There are stories of shipwreck, of castaways on deserted islands, of hunger and thirst on wave-battered hulks or in open boats, of the golden days of piracy and privateering. The author has better material here and he handles it more sincerely than when he first came before the public with sea stories of his own invention, cast in the usual magazine mold. "When our forefathers were fighting in the Revolution . . . the world was a vastly entertaining place for a man who loved to wander in quest of bold adventures," he remarks. Correct—provided it is not followed with the assumption that the world is any less a place for bold adventures today or that, as some thoughtlessly suppose, the displacement of the sailing vessel by the steamship has destroyed the romance of the sea.

Which brings us to this man McFee. He is the first distinguished writer of the sea in our language to come to us out of the groan and roar and melody of that modern fairyland a steamship's engine room. Of course it may be objected that he does not write of the sea. Strictly speaking, he doesn't. McFee writes of McFee. He is as distinctly subjective as most other sea writers have been objective. But he belongs to the sea, body and soul, in a way that has been true of few other authors. Here again it may be objected that McFee is not an author. Strictly speaking, he isn't. He is a marine engineer who writes in odd moments, because it pleases him—and a good many others—to do so. He is a student, a philosopher, an all-devouring reader, but one of those men who must hold to something other than a pen in order to keep his grip on life itself. In his book "Aliens" he says: "I divide authors into two classes—genuine artists, and educated men who wish to earn enough to let them live like country gentlemen. With the latter," he adds, "I have no concern." Good doctrine, too, except for the inference that authorship provides an easy means for an educated man to live like a country gentleman. McFee has never tried it—fortunately for him and the rest of us. He did have a narrow escape, he tells us in "Harbours of Memory," from becoming a journalist, in which case he fears that he might have been "the perpetrator of a few volumes of piffling precocity in the manner of Arthur Christopher Benson or the late Anthony Scott."

But he went to sea instead, and occupies himself eight hours a day, down in the belly of an iron hull, with steam pressure and revolutions per minute, with glands and lubricators, with reversing gear and main feed-pumps, with all that intricate, shining, oil-dripping, soul-stirring machinery that is a marine engine. He has little time to write but much to write when he has the time. He has been in strange harbors all over the world, from Port Limon to Port Said, and has worked with members of that inscrutable tribe who follow the sea because them, as to him, it means life and reality. He has worked with drinking men, fighting men, blaspheming men; but not with soft or flabby men, not with men having the fat and comfortable vices begotten of prosperity in our cities. And of all this McFee writes, or rather of its effect upon him. His personality, his philosophy, is uppermost always. McFee knows that steam has not destroyed the romance of the sea; he understands that it has opened new fields as old ones closed. We no longer seek silver bullion on the Spanish Main or Negro slaves on the African coast, but the steamship has brought it to pass that Englishmen eat mutton chops fattened on the mountain sides of New Zealand; that whole vineyards of grapes in Spain are piled up ten days later on the docks of New York; that Belgian workingmen live on bread which had its beginnings on the pampas of Argentina; that hundreds of acres of Central American jungle have been turned into banana fields to supply the tables of Europe and the United States. And the same old buccaneers who brandished cutlasses and slit throats in the heyday of the sailing ship are plowing the sea today in liner and tramp, although a changed environment has made cutlass brandishing less general and throat slitting more hazardous.

All this McFee understands, and it oozes out as he rambles on. For McFee never writes about anything in particular for long at a time. If he heads a chapter On the Amazon River you may expect it to begin with an experience in Whitechapel and end with a paragraph on Gibbon's history, while in between you will hear what the ship's chandler told McFee in Genoa. This discursiveness is often trying in "An Ocean Tramp," but in the fourteen years that have elapsed since his first volume McFee has been at sea—and has been learning. "Harbours of Memory," which contains the papers he has written in the last two or three years, most of which have appeared in American magazines, is a sounder and a wiser book; one fuller of humor and richer in incident.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Lesser Carolines

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Edited by George Saintsbury. Volume III. Oxford University Press. $8.

IT is more than a decade since the publication of the first two volumes of Professor Saintsbury's collection of the minor poets of the Caroline Period. Much of the material of the present concluding instalment of his important work was in type when the war put a stop temporarily to the undertaking. The delay is not to be regretted, for in the meanwhile the editor has enlisted the valuable services of two scholars especially trained for the task of collating manuscripts and various early editions: Mr. Percy Simpson and Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, of whom the latter has an almost unrivaled knowledge of the poetry of the period in question. The result, as Professor Saintsbury with characteristic magnanimity handsomely recognizes, is that the *variae lectiones* and general editorial apparatus of the volume are far fuller than they would otherwise have been. Throughout the commentary in his book one finds abundant examples of Mr. Saintsbury's breadth of reading and of understanding, of the essential sanity that abides beneath his occasional eccentricity, and of the delightful gusto and wit that appear on the surface in most unexpected places.

I am not sure of the wisdom of including the poetical works of John Cleveland, who is sufficiently well presented for almost every purpose in the recent edition by John M. Berdan. The space saved by excluding Cleveland might have been devoted to an edition of Dryden's notorious but practically unknown victim, Richard Flecknoe, whose name is the most "intriguing" in the list of "minors" whom Mr. Saintsbury was forced to leave out. Perhaps—for this professor's industry is infinite—we may yet have a fourth volume of Carolines; the list of those upon whom the door was shut is long enough to provide ample material.

There is room here for but a few words upon the poets and poetasters who make up this collection. Nathaniel Whiting will appeal only to those scholars—if to them—who are concerned

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with the "heroic" romance and poem. And even such specialists will find his "wit" dull and his obscenity unpardonable though scanty. Henry King is of course well known as the author of The Exequy and The Anniverse. One regrets that the editor did not see fit to note briefly the evident attraction of the former beautiful poem to Poe at a time when, one imagines, King must have had very few readers indeed in America. If King never elsewhere reaches the genuine and indisputable inspiration of the elegy on his wife, there are yet many other poems in the body of his work that justify a claim for him to a higher rank than has been awarded him. Thomas Stanley reaches occasionally a grace and courtliness that suggest the classification of him among the Cavalier poets, and often exhibits a certain knack in hitting off a conceit that anticipates, albeit imperfectly, a style of poetry that was not to come into its own for several decades after him. But the most remarkable talent resurrected in this volume is that of Thomas Flatman, whose unfortunate and inappropriate name was once matter for commiseration from the late Mr. Bullen. Flatman lacks purely lyrical power and he seldom succeeds in bringing an entire poem to perfection, but at times, especially in the group of poems in which he meditates upon death and judgment, he attains a strength and dignity of rhetoric that suggest the influence of Sir Thomas Browne and recall, not unworthily, the mighty periods of the great prose master. It is something of an experience, after reading endless Pindarics and frigid elegies and obscure satires, to come upon these lines:

> Consider well, and every place
> Offers a ready road to thy long home,
> Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling face
> Th' embassadors of Death do come.
> By open force or secret ambuscade,
> By unintelligible ways,
> We end our anxious days,
> And stock the large plantations of the Dead.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Ships in War

Allied Shipping Control. An Experiment in International Administration. By J. A. Salter. Oxford University Press. $3.

THIS is one of the British series of monographs on the Economic and Social History of the World War published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Its author occupied sundry high positions with the British Ministry of Shipping and the Allied Maritime Transport Council, which controlled the merchant fleets of the Allies and Associated Powers during the last year of the war. In addition to describing the work of this body the book sketches the previous development of state control of British shipping and of the struggle against the submarine, and closes with a plea for continued international cooperation in the solution of world problems. It contains much valuable documentary and historical data.

On account of his having been connected in an official capacity with the various organizations whose transactions he recounts, Mr. Salter has felt precluded from either reflecting upon or justifying the measures that were taken. He has therefore confined himself to a bald recital of what was done and nowhere ventures to discuss whether the course adopted was the best one that might have been followed under the given circumstances. This absence of all critical analysis makes his narrative rather dull reading. The arrangement of the subject matter, too, detracts from the interest of the book for the general reader. Instead of giving a chronological account of the origin and growth of government control of British shipping, Mr. Salter has treated each of his topics separately, describing in turn from start to finish the requisitioning system, the control of commodities and of freights, the war at sea, etc. Had these subjects been dovetailed in one with another a much clearer picture would have been presented of the rise of the system of economic control.

Nevertheless, despite these drawbacks, Mr. Salter's book is a valuable contribution to the history of shipping during the World War and throws some interesting side-lights on the sea phases of that great conflict. When hostilities began in 1914 the world's shipping was in never so good a shape to bear the great strain which was to be imposed upon it. There was an abundant supply of tonnage and an unusual number of vessels under construction in the yards of the maritime nations. During the first few months of the war, only a small number of British passenger vessels were requisitioned for the transportation of troops and about one-fifth of the United Kingdom's ocean-going tramp tonnage for taking care of the Government's supply arrangements. The absorption of ships for war purposes caused freight rates to rise and led to an increase in the cost of living. The Government attempted to cope with this situation at first by restricting or prohibiting altogether the importation of non-essential commodities. Later on it took direct control of the acquisition and distribution of the country's leading foodstuffs and raw materials. By the third year of the war almost all commodities and practically all ships were under requisition.

This was the position of affairs when Germany on February 1, 1917, inaugurated her ruthless submarine campaign—not such a wild gamble as is commonly believed. The German Admiralty had good grounds for assuming that they could reduce Great Britain in six months, and the intensive submarine campaign at one time came perilously near succeeding. It was defeated by three counter-measures not then devised, namely, the convoy system, the depth bomb, and the pooling of all shipping and supplies by the Allies.

The opening success of Germany's new form of warfare was staggering. As Mr. Salter points out, the whole war effort of the Allies was soon threatened with disaster and all the leading Entente countries were in imminent danger of starvation. At the rate of loss then being sustained the average life of a ship was less than ten round voyages. During the last fortnight in April, 1917, when the German submarines were most effective 122 ocean-going ships were sunk. At one period six sugar-laden ships were torpedoed within a few days and the central stock of sugar in Great Britain only sufficed for a ten day's supply. The British Admiralty hid the seriousness of the situation by reporting arrivals of 2,500 ships a week on the average at British ports as compared with only 40 lost. They concealed the fact that the destroyed vessels were ocean-going craft of which only 140 a week were entering British harbors, the other 2,360 ships arriving being cross-channel boats or small coastwise ships.

The heaviest shipping losses of the war were in April, 1917, when vessels aggregating 866,610 tons were sent to the bottom. The continuance of this rate of loss would have been fatal to the Allied cause. That the Germans failed to continue their success was due not to failing numbers or skill but to the convoy system which was inaugurated in May, 1917. Despite all protective measures the U-boats toward the close of the war were still able to sink nearly 300,000 tons of shipping a month. It was not until May, 1918, that the gains in Allied and neutral tonnage began to exceed the losses incurred through enemy action.

With heavy inroads still being made by the German submarines on the tonnage at their command, the Allies in November, 1917, agreed to pool their shipping resources under the direction of an Allied Maritime Transport Council. Thanks to this central organization the Allies were able to use their available ships to the utmost advantage. As an example of the economies that were effected, cargoes of Australian wheat purchased by England were diverted to Italian ports, while wheat from this country originally intended for Italy was shipped to Great Britain. By this arrangement 2,000 miles of steaming were saved. So much shipping space was either saved or mo

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fully utilized through these cooperative arrangements that the Allies, although they had 2,000,000 tons less of shipping at their disposal and had a new army to transport and feed from America, possessed much greater food supplies at the time of the armistice than at the close of 1917.

When the war closed, nine-tenths of the sea-going tonnage of the world was under the control of the Allied governments. In view of the excellent results achieved from having the world's shipping managed and allotted by one central authority, Mr. Salter raises the question whether the same procedure could not be advantageously followed in peace time. But it must be remembered that, in the war years, the belligerent countries were willing to sink their selfish differences while shipowners gave their services freely from motives of patriotism. These conditions are far from prevailing today when the leading nations are engaged in an intense commercial rivalry and men are everywhere seeking their own individual advantage. Not until a change of heart takes place among the peoples and trade barriers are removed is the system of international control of shipping likely to meet with any success in normal times.

HAROLD G. VILLARD

New Bottles for Old Wine

A New Constitution for a New America. By William MacDonald. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

WE are in the habit of thinking of ourselves as a young nation, yet in comparison with almost all other constitutions in force in the world today ours is hoary with age. In seniority it yields to that "subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history" known as the English constitution, though, as Walter Bagehot pointed out, the efficient parts of that constitution, as distinguished from its dignified parts, are comparatively modern. To Mr. MacDonald the antiquity of our Constitution is ground for questioning its suitability for present-day conditions, not for perpetuating it; the burden of proof, he evidently believes, is on those who would preserve it unaltered. He asks, in effect, not why should we change our form of government, but why should we not do so. That is to say, he writes as a radical critic of the Constitution. In reporting this fact one must hasten to add that he frequently pays his respects to legalism, he would not disregard any moral obligation embodied in the Constitution, and the means which he would employ for effecting his reforms are less revolutionary in form than was the adoption of the Constitution itself; indeed he is at pains to show that they are not revolutionary at all.

The principal constitutional change advocated by Mr. MacDonald is the introduction of the parliamentary system of responsible government, to the lack of which he attributes most of our political ills. Ever since Bagehot's day writers on government have been comparing the presidential system with the cabinet system, generally to the disadvantage of the former, but it cannot be said that their opinions have made much impression on the American public. A great deal of fault has been found, it is true, with the working of our Constitution, but the blame has been laid on the politicians rather than on the Constitution. Mr. MacDonald insists that the evils from which we suffer are inherent in the Constitution itself and cannot be remedied without fundamental revision of the document. Thus he dismisses as futile the proposal that has been made several times during the last forty years to give the members of the President's Cabinet seats in Congress; it would not in his opinion be even a first step in introducing responsible government. What he proposes is to vest control of executive and legislative policy in a premier and cabinet sitting in Congress and holding office at its pleasure. He is not unaware that the parliamentary system is the object of much adverse criticism in countries where it exists, but he holds that most of this criticism is unwarranted. His defense of cabinet gov-

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ernment may seem radical to some Americans, but it would seem very conservative in England; it would surely not silence the critics who are proclaiming in season and out of season that the parliamentary system has broken down.

The author would not be content with the introduction of responsible government and such other changes as are involved in its establishment. He would give to Congress a number of additional powers, among them the power to acquire or control any industry or national resource. He would subject senators and representatives to popular recall on the ground that majority rule is tyrannical and an incitement to revolution unless the people have direct and continuous control of their representatives. He would introduce the principle of occupational representation; it is unnecessary to go into the details of his particular variation on this much-discussed theme, but he is surely over-sanguine when he says that it would not involve serious practical difficulties; to the reviewer it opens up a vista of anomaly and boundless contention. He would redefine the spheres of State and Federal authority so as to meet the requirements of the present; in his opinion "the general contempt for law which is today a regrettable characteristic of American society has been directly fostered by the systematic disregard of the Constitution which the Federal Government has increasingly shown, and by the weak submission of the States to Federal encroachment upon their proper sphere." Some of the provisions of the Constitution with regard to the States, as the author points out, have been virtually abrogated by amendments to the Constitution and by Federal laws and judicial decisions.

The framers of the Constitution provided means for its amendment, though of course they contemplated no such radical revision as this book urges. Mr. MacDonald, however, is on sound legal ground in holding that revision can be effected under guise of amendment, since the only operative provision of the Constitution that lies beyond the scope of the amending power is that which guarantees that no State shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate without its own consent. To frame his new constitution he proposes a constitutional convention, called either in accordance with the procedure specified in Article V of the Constitution (by Congress on application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States), or directly by Congress. His attempt to prove the constitutionality of the latter method will probably not be convincing to many constitutional lawyers, and the author himself, after paying his respects to constitutionality, falls back on the "fundamental right" of the people to revise their constitution.

Unlike most reformers Mr. MacDonald does not appeal to the past for support. He does not describe a golden age of American history when things were as he thinks they should be. He almost refrains from suggesting that his program is restorative in character—almost but not quite, for on page 216 we read: "The whole purpose of constitutional revision is to break the rule of class and restore government to the people." Precisely when it was possessed by the people he wisely refrains from telling us.

But in common with many other ardent reformers Mr. MacDonald exaggerates the extent of popular dissatisfaction with the status quo. He imputes to the public at large his own attitude toward the Constitution and represents the nation as seething with discontent. "The people," he writes, are demanding 'another system"; and he seems to think that only by adopting some such scheme as his can the impending revolution be staved off. The fact is, of course, that the overwhelming majority of the American people are satisfied with the Constitution; to many of them it is an object of veneration. If Mr. MacDonald were a social psychologist he would have paid more attention to the legend of the Constitution, to that popular hallucination that so swiftly transformed the "bundle of compromises" that issued from the Philadelphia conclave of 1787, and was adopted only after the bitterest partisan conflict, into the solemn pronouncement of a whole people, unswayed by passion and parti-

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sanship, an embodiment of the ultimate verities in politics so marvelous as strongly to suggest direct divine inspiration in its production. It was only "grinding necessity," as John Adams said, that extorted the Constitution from a reluctant people, and nothing short of national disaster or prolonged adversity would now induce the people to contemplate seriously its abolition and the substitution for it of such a scheme as Mr. MacDonald's. Perhaps the trouble is not as much with the scheme, which has its merits, as with the people. Perhaps they are stupid in being contented. But a democratic reformer should take account of popular content as well as of popular discontent.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Cytherea

Cytherea. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN "Linda Condon" Mr. Hergesheimer wrote one of the most shapely and beautiful of American books. It was a novel, a legend, and an apologue, and dealt with the image of eternal beauty, "the consecration and the poet's dream." In "Cytherea" the lovely form he had mastered stirs under his hands and breaks and shivers into dissonances. "What pipes, what timbrels, what wild ecstasy!" One legend has it that Aphrodite was called the Cytherean not because she arose from the waves off the coast of Cythera but because Phoenicians, who were the island's earliest colonists, introduced the worship of the goddess there. That Phoenician Aphrodite, that early Semitic goddess Astarte, was not the bland and rosy deity of the Greeks. There was no beauty, harmony, ease where her shrines stood. Bitter torment alternated in her temples with wild orgies. She, rather than the goddess of the Greeks, is the symbol through which Mr. Hergesheimer interprets the life of his modern Americans—of Lee Randon and Morris Peyton, Mina Raff and Sabina Grove. The torment is there as a restlessness and as an ache of the nerves. The threshold of the orgiastic is never crossed. But the threshold itself is worn by the print of innumerable feet.

Lee Randon is forty-seven. He is healthy, prosperous, and ill at ease. He has an admirable wife and two agreeable children. There is a "restlessness at the heart of his peace." Gradually he begins to watch life, to watch himself. The common people stream into the village at the end of the day's work. "They all wanted a mitigation of a life which, fundamentally, did not fill them." His friends and equals at the country club fled to cocktails and kisses. They danced themselves into utter weariness. Yet the worm gnawing at their nerves never died. They achieved stimulation and more stimulation—never satiety. What were they after? What was all the world—the world that Lee Randon saw—after? "Hours of vivid living which alone made the dull weight of the years supportable." So Lee Randon finds all men and all women—especially all men—"desperately searching" for some profound satisfaction, for something to experience and remember, and searching in vain.

In vain! Because—Mr. Hergesheimer does not mince words—the root of the whole matter is to be found in sex. Not, he warns us, in love—a word with a thousand meanings that lead to confusion, but in some mitigation of the falseness which today hides the relations of men and women almost utterly from our sight. "The whole affair has been so lied about," Lee Randon concludes, that no one is in touch with his own emotional realities but constantly misinterprets the facts of his own consciousness in the light of foregone conclusions and normative catchwords. In thousands of good and comparatively asexual women, such as Fanny Randon, the power of the emotional life is never great enough to show up the discrepancy between feigning and fact. Thus they have no reason for believing that the moral catchwords do not represent nature. And, since their expressed ideal of the moral life has a tinge of the conventionally and negatively high and fine and austere, it is the ideal of this small and abnormal feminine minority

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that sets the social standards. When Lee Randon finds himself at last in an unpermitted moral situation he discovers that entire situation to be "utterly different from the general social and moral conception of it." He looks in vain in his heart for shame, fear, remorse. And he is neither a philosopher nor an artist. He is a moderately cultivated, rather high-minded American business man. But when, because his married friend Morris Peyton and Mina Raff, the screen star, have fallen in love with each other, he hears his wife Fanny say: "Mina Raff should be burned alive, something terrible done to her," he recognizes the hopeless division between moral fact and theory, the frightful, unavoidable conflict, the angry, smoldering fire at the core of the social order. The absurdity and cruelty of the situation help to set him free. He goes to his great and tragic adventure with Sabina Grove—the rare woman who suffers, as men do, for those hours of electric living that shall make supportable the dull weight of the years.

A summary of "Cytherea" in such intellectual terms does no justice, of course, to its creative life and power. But the intellectual framework is there and makes for the book's beauty and permanence. Of the characters, that of Lee Randon is, in the common and unavoidable manner of the psychological protagonist, the necessarily seeing one, least firmly outlined. In order to be just to his own intention Mr. Hergesheimer had to give Randon a higher and clearer awareness of the world and its problems than the man, in reality, could have had. Thus an inevitable heightening makes the outline dislimn. The other characters, to the least important, are magnificent. Fanny Randon's figure, as it reaches its full stature in the final quarrel with Lee, stands out as a memorable achievement. The entire book is, upon the most sober consideration, of an importance not easily minimized. It is fine literature. But it is more than that. It renders gravely and searchingly a moment so desperate and difficult in the moral history of mankind and, especially, of America, that today and for a long period to come it will be more than art—it will be vision, clarification, support to the restless and the searching mind. L. L.

Music

Korngold and "Die tote Stadt"

THE rare good fortune that attended the American launching of "Die tote Stadt" recalls to me, perhaps by way of contrast, the anxiety last May of the composer as to whether the Metropolitan would accept it, and, if so, whether it would be a success. At the time I assured him of both, although I had only heard him play the piano score; but it is pleasant now to say "I told you so," for Korngold is a simple, serious fellow, who bears with equal modesty both his success as a musician and the adoration of his parents. The opinion I expressed then was only strengthened when, a few days later, I heard him conduct "Die tote Stadt" at the Opera House in Vienna, for the work undoubtedly gains upon rehearing, not because it presents any initial difficulties for the understanding but because it allows one to become familiarized without being bored by its repetition. One also is apt to find more of Korngold and less of Wagner and Strauss; to find that he has not directly imitated these last two so much as he has drawn upon them for his inspiration. This is not unusual in the early works of even the greatest geniuses. The youthful Wagner of "Rienzi" was quite different from the Wagner of "The Ring," and one is forced to admit that the later Wagner occasionally omitted the quotation marks. Whether Korngold will be another Wagner is far too soon to say. Certainly, he is much too young to have developed a full musical physiognomy. When I met him last spring he was then only twenty-three—a fat, sleepy-looking boy whose fingers fairly dripped with music, whether they held a baton or manipulated a keyboard.

No one realizes more than Korngold how much is expected

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of him; and he conscientiously played me earlier and later compositions, so that I could note the various stages of his growth. It is only fair to take into consideration the fact that he served two and a half years in the army, and that those two and a half years must have been a hiatus in his musical development; for no matter how deeply this experience may have enriched him, for it to have borne immediate fruition in his music, when life itself demanded so much readjustment, was practically impossible. "Die tote Stadt," I believe, was written or at least begun before this period. Just at present he seems to stand at the cross-roads between post-Wagnerianism and moderate modernism. So far he has not been tempted to stray either down the decadent hill of Schrencker or into the cerebral bypaths of Schoenberg. There is certainly nothing perverse in the libretto of "Die tote Stadt," which is a somewhat free version of G. Rodenbach's book "Bruges la Morte." The story in the main deals with the hallucinations of a certain grief-stricken widower of Bruges who, grown morbid and neurotic over the death of his wife, shuts himself up in his house, turning it into a sanctuary for his grief. Then, one day, he meets a lovely dancer, Marietta, who has come to town with a visiting opera troupe, and who is so much the physical counterpart of his dead Marie that he invites her to his home. There she, too, is much struck by her resemblance to Die Tote, whose portrait hangs upon the wall. Paul then hands her the scarf and the lute belonging to the woman of the portrait, and when Marietta, wearing the one and holding the other, sings him the same song that his wife used to sing, his rapture and excitement know no bounds. At last, after the dancer leaves him to go to a rehearsal, he sinks back, exhausted, in his chair and falls into a deep sleep. The dream which ensues dominates most of the remaining action. In it he has a passionate physical adventure with Marietta, culminating in her dream-murder and in his own awakening and cure. The psychology of the plot presents no problems, for, from a psychoanalytical standpoint it is almost transparent in its obviousness, and belongs more to the Vienna of Freud than to the Bruges of church bells and dead memories.

On the whole both composer and librettist have handled the plot with skill. Except for Paul's long and dreary outburst in the beginning of the first act, and the cheap theatrical effect of the religious procession in the third, there is little that is not interesting. Korngold has infused into the score a great deal of melodic charm that at times borders suspiciously on the sentimental prettiness of Viennese operetta; and has sensed the dramatic values of the story with an authority and a maturity beyond his years. Indeed it is this very "knowledge of business" in one so young that has led to the criticism that Korngold has perhaps ripened more than we realize and has not so much more yet to give. However, from a vocal standpoint he has much to learn. He puts a very heavy burden upon his tenor and his soprano, who not only have to do the bulk of the singing but have to do it by pulling and straining at the vocal chords. Orville Harrold has more than a hero's task as Paul, but acquitted himself ably. The chief honors, however, undoubtedly belong to Marie Jeritza, as the lovely Marietta. Jeritza, who created the role in Vienna, and made her debut in it here, is a tall, magnificently built blonde, with a fresh, luscious voice, and more charm and magnetism and histrionic ability than any feminine newcomer at the Metropolitan for many years. Her coquetry and emotional unrestraint would have more relief if Mr. Harrold's Paul had a little more dignity and refinement instead of looking like a very disheveled Rudolph much in need of a bath and a shave. But this, perhaps, like many other shortcomings, is due principally to the stage direction, which never, at any time, attains the distinction and exquisite gaiety that marked the Vienna production. Much praise, however, is due Artur Bodanzky for his sympathetic handling both of the score and of the singers; for as Korngold conducts it the singers are ruthlessly sacrificed upon the altar of his temperament. Most of all, though, congratulations should be offered the Metro-

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politan for introducing with success—and simultaneously—a new opera and a new opera star.

IT speaks eloquently for the genius of Theodor Leschetizky that, six years after his death, his name still holds a challenge and a thrill for the musical world. Perhaps this is because today, as half a century ago, that name still stands for all that is sane and intelligent and unpedantic in piano *teaching*, and all that is beautiful and well balanced in piano *playing*. One is not surprised, therefore, to learn from Ethel Newcomb's "Leschetizky as I Knew Him" (Appleton) that he was long the target for all the academic lances in Europe and America. He must indeed have been very trying to academic circles, for he would turn out great pupils like Paderewski and Gabrilówitch and Bloomfield-Zeisler, and yet refuse to have a method. "Don't have a method," Miss Newcomb quotes him as saying to her; "it is far better to leave your mind a blank for the pupil to fill in. You will discover more easily, in this way, what he needs. Even in technique it is impossible to have a method, for every hand is different. I have no method, and I *will have* no method. . . . Write over your music-room door the motto, 'No method!'" It is this and other advice, which embraced so many of his basic principles for teaching and playing, that gives the book its greatest value, for Miss Newcomb, who was long his pupil and assistant, has been generous with her quotations. She also throws many interesting sidelights upon his personality, his humor and tenderness as a friend, his honest hatred of sham and stupidity in all that pertained to human beings or to art. Altogether, it is a book that makes agreeable and interesting reading, and certainly one that should not be ignored by any concerned with the art of piano playing or piano teaching.

THE Oliver Ditson Company has at last brought out in five volumes the "Modern Russian Songs" which Ernest Newman has spent some years in collecting, and which have appeared singly from time to time. The publication of these volumes again emphasizes the important place that Russian music has taken in song literature: Mr. Newman claims that it surpasses the German in variety, and almost equals it in quantity, and that what is more remarkable is that its birth and growth have been accomplished in considerably less than a century. In all of the examples he has selected, Mr. Newman—so he explains—has carefully avoided any of which the style was "personal" or "post-impressionistic" rather than "communal." Even so, he might have been a little more generous with Strawinsky, and a little less with Medtner and Bleichmann. Otherwise, the work abounds in excellences.

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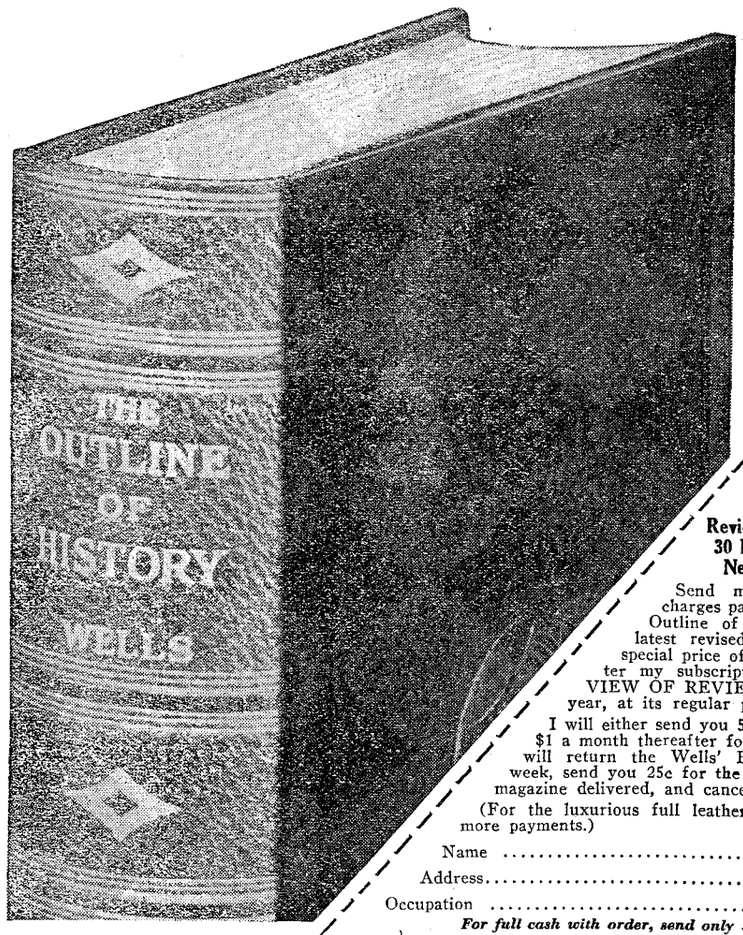

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Drama

The New Theater

The Theater of Tomorrow. By Kenneth Macgowan. Boni and Liveright. $5.

THAT a vivid and intelligent account of the new art of the theater should come from the hand of an American critic is both natural and appropriate. For the new art of the theater which arose in the visions of Appia and Craig and found its realization in the actual playhouses of Brahm and Stanislavsky and Reinhardt exists creatively today in two countries—Germany and the United States.

The entire aim and scope of this new art of the theater is briefly but sufficiently explained by Mr. Macgowan as "the creation of a mood expressive of the play." Craig's theories have shot beyond this important and intelligible purpose and are now definitely lost in the intense inane. The directors and artists who are actually building the theater of today and tomorrow have never lost sight of it. They seek to give each play what Reinhardt has called its peculiar inner music; they strive to render the mechanism of the modern theater so plastic that it can at any moment adequately and beautifully follow and interpret the creative innovations of the dramatist. Thus they have destroyed the rigidity of the old theatric mechanism and with it the last excuse for the "well-made" play with its fundamental falsity of technique. In the new theater all good plays can be played. The liberation of the dramatist has been achieved.

These basic facts having been stated, it is necessary at once, both in order to clarify the situation and in order to account for the weaknesses of Mr. Macgowan's argumentative pages, to add that the new theater in Germany and the comparable theater in America find themselves facing wholly different problems. I, for one, cannot be persuaded that the post-naturalistic drama of Germany equals the drama that came before it in permanence and power. But it is clear to any observer that the German drama, during the entire period from 1889 to the present, has exhibited a wealth and variety of serious creative work that is literally unrivaled. Hence in Germany the new art of the theater has always followed the development of dramatic literature and has rarely been tempted to influence or lead it. In America we have the new theater and little or nothing that can be called serious dramatic literature at all. Thus Robert Edmond Jones has interpreted Gorki and Tolstoi and Benelli and Vildrac, and Lee Simonson has interpreted Benavente and Strindberg and Molnar and Andreev, and Norman-Bel Geddes has dreamed of a dramatic projection of the "Divine Comedy." And because there is, in the world of the American drama, scarcely any one who approaches these artists in creative vision and power, they have, not unnaturally, been tempted to assign to their art an independence of function which it does not possess. This error Mr. Macgowan, a little less pardonably, has come to share. Under its influence he grows almost perverse and quite reckless and writes: "The line, mass, and color of Robert Edmond Jones can do more to liberate man from slavery to machines than all the social dramas of modern England."

This sentence of Mr. Macgowan brings us, however, to a danger that confronts the new theater everywhere. Since it emphasizes pictorial values and plastic rhythms it allies itself with an art whose inner workings are wholly different from those of the drama. Thus the expressionistic playwrights of Germany, of whom Mr. Macgowan very properly speaks at length, are nearly all, in the precise sense that he repudiates, propagandists whose impassioned aim it has been to strip the tragedy of man to its naked essentials and to stab the minds of their audiences with these. Mr. Macgowan and the craftsmen of the new theater see, in the works of Georg Kaiser, for instance, largely opportunities for post-impressionistic design and are in danger of missing wholly the man's enormous though often unguided seriousness of mind. Thus the drama itself is apt to be lost. And this has been realized by Leopold Jessner and the "Tribüne" group in Berlin who have presented plays in front of a simple, black curtain in order to shift the emphasis of the drama back from the theater to the actions and sufferings of man.

We must, in brief, in contemplating this new theater with its intense and almost morbid beauty, guard ourselves rather carefully against its excesses and perversities. Especially against its latest perversity which consists of quite uninstructed talk about transcending the representative in art. It is a good old maxim of philosophy that there is nothing in the mind that was not first in the senses. Whatever your method of projection, it is always experience of man and nature and human life that you project. The consciousness through which the world passes is still a part of that world. Art is still imitation and nature still our only source, guide, and ultimate norm. But these very necessary considerations do not detract either from the beauty and fascination of the new stage-craft nor from the notable merits of Mr. Macgowan's work. On the theatro-technical side it is authoritative and complete; its theoretical extravagances, having been duly noted, are easily forgiven in view of its zest, freshness, and liberality of temper and outlook.

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